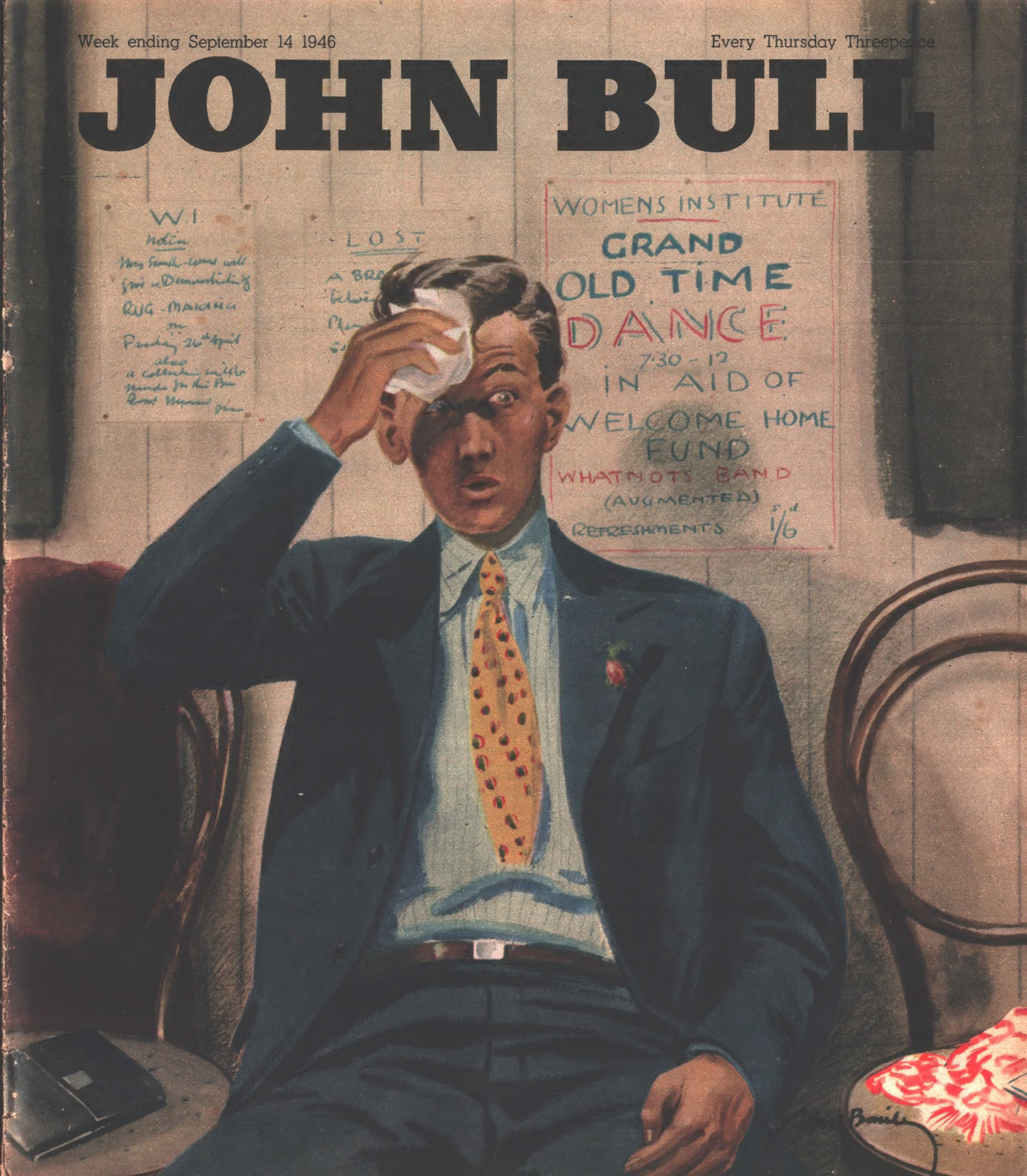
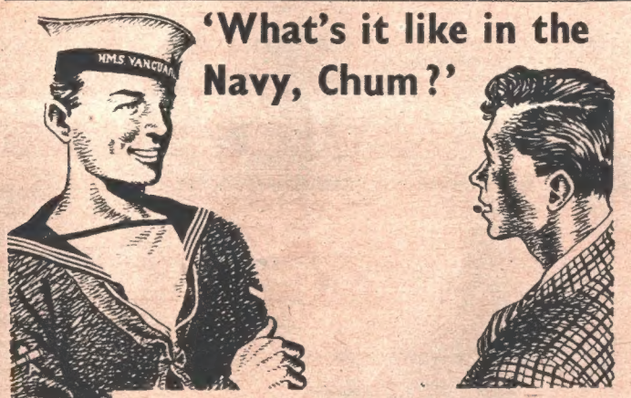
Week ending September 14 1946

Every Thursday Threepence

JOHN BULL



'What's it like in the Navy, Chum?'



Boy! It's a good life and a good job, too! I'm a Matlo—Able Seaman to you. I'm an A.A. Gunner, too—oerlikons, bofors, pom-poms, all the lot. That's my line. You might go for torpedoes, or radar. What's the gold stripe mean? That's a badge and it means extra pay for one thing. There are lots of extras in the Navy . . . chance to see the world . . . plenty of sport, plenty of leave, plenty of friends—and *a good chance to get on . . . if you want a job with a future, this is it.*

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BOYS BETWEEN THE AGES of 15½ and 16 can join now to be trained for Continuous Service Engagements (12 years from the age of 18).

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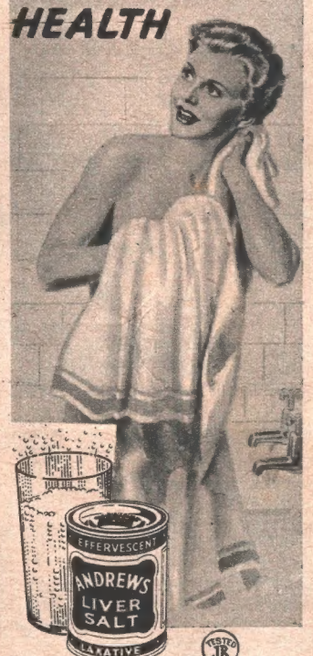

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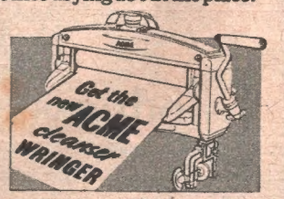

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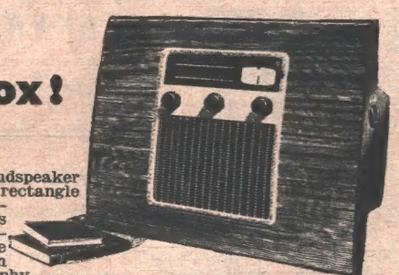

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GOLDEN MOMENTS

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JOHN BULL September 14 1946 Volume 80 Number 2100 186 High Holborn London WC1 Telephone Temple Bar 2468

STOP THIS WAR ON THE ROADS

by THE EDITOR

TRAFFIC PROBLEMS WILL BE discussed in relation to town planning at a conference of the British Association this week. Officials of the Ministry of Transport will be among the experts taking part.

The outcome should be an arrangement of new towns which will make it more difficult for accidents to happen there. This, however, will not affect the next monthly batch of road casualty figures, due in a few days' time, which (it is to be feared from the July figures) will almost certainly show that more people than ever have been killed and injured.

What can we do *now* about this terrible and increasing holocaust on the roads of a peaceful Britain?

The ultimate remedy is obvious—safer roads and better control of traffic of all kinds. But it is a long-term remedy, unlikely to be fully effective for some years.

Meanwhile, as a start, we can call off the class war on the roads, which sets people in cars, people on cycles and people on foot snarling at one another, and blaming each other for the rising toll of casualties.

Everyone is a pedestrian sometimes; everyone is a motorist, too, whether he rides in a private car or a bus. All have a right to ride or walk on our roads in safety, and to attempt to lay the blame for the accident toll on any single class of road user is foolish and futile.

We are all in this together. As a nation, we must apply our long tradition of good sense and good nature to this fearful problem. And none of us must ever forget that the present price of road safety, like that of liberty, is eternal vigilance, combined with respect for the other fellow's rights.

UNION "FREEDOM"

THE "CLOSED SHOP" DISPUTE has revealed a strange misunderstanding, in some quarters, of the meaning of trade unionism.

It has been alleged that to insist on a man belonging to the recognized union in his particular job or trade is a gross interference with his personal freedom.

But it depends what is meant by "freedom." Surely nobody suggests that the average worker should be able to choose his union, as he chooses his barber or his greengrocer, moving from one to another when he is displeased with the first!

That kind of thing, carried to its inevitable conclusion, would lead to a multiplicity of unions, accompanied by general confusion and uncertainty. It could easily destroy the whole complex structure of industrial negotiation. It would mean more strikes and disputes, not less.

No, what is really necessary, in the interests of "freedom" as well as of industrial peace, is that the members of a recognized union should have full confidence in its officials, and be ready to follow their leadership—not blindly or unquestioningly, but secure in the knowledge that affairs are being conducted according to the freely-expressed wishes of the majority.

The unions themselves must deal fairly with their dissentients and set their houses in order, so that they may present a solid front to the employers and worthily perform their own role in the rebuilding of our industrial life.

WORTH THE TROUBLE?

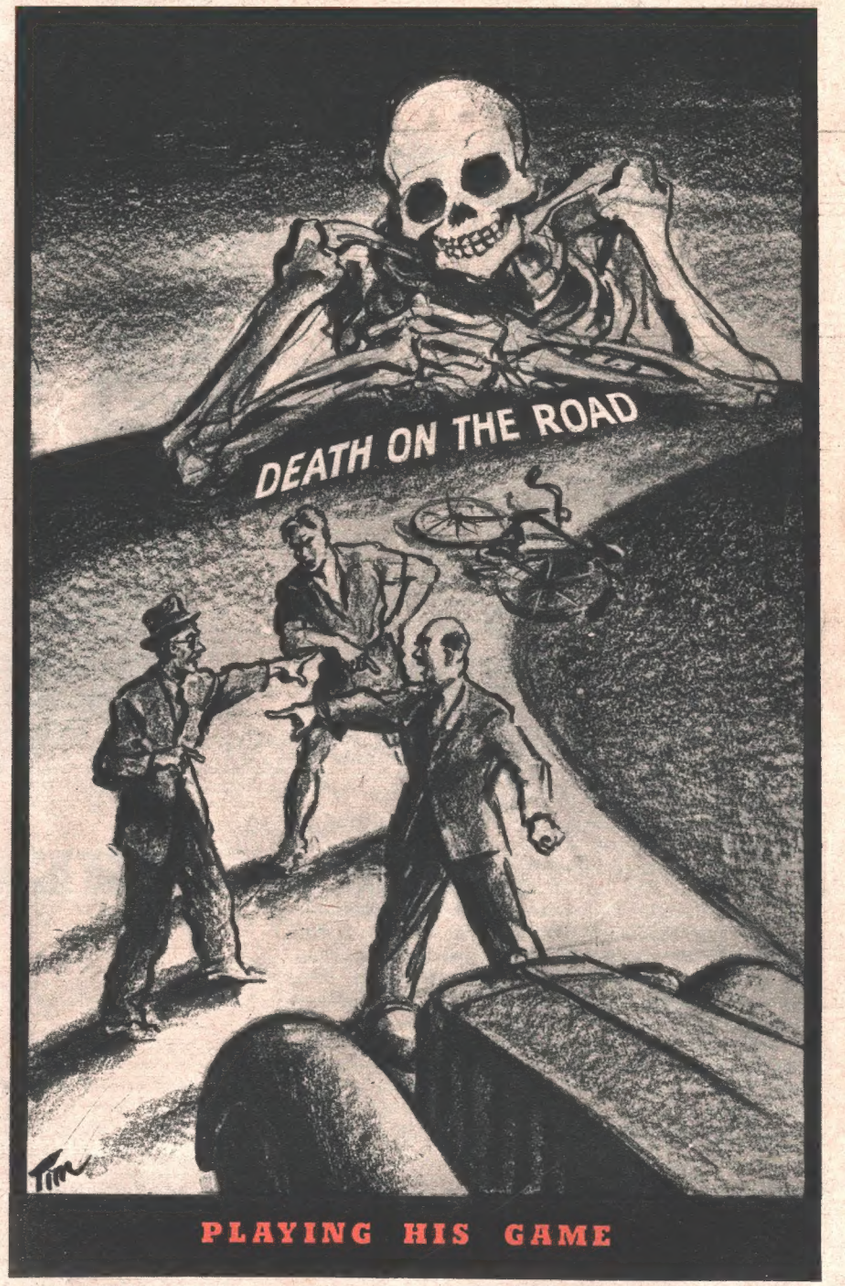
PLENTY HAS BEEN SAID about bread rationing in the last few weeks by the bakers, by Mr. Strachey, by the newspapers and a good many other experts and non-experts. What the ordinary man and woman would probably like to know is this: has all the trouble been worth while?

One dispute has been about how much wheat and flour has been saved by the scheme.

Whatever view one accepts, it seems that there has been a real saving throughout of somewhere between ten per cent and thirty-three per cent. Since there has admittedly been no severe hardship to any class of consumers, this must be accounted an achievement. To have saved even say fifteen per cent of Britain's very large consumption in these critical weeks is something.

That is the first fact that stands out in the story of bread rationing. The second is that the British weather has failed us again, and seriously delayed our own grain harvest. Those who opposed bread rationing wanted the Government to gamble on a really fine August, and a big and early home harvest. They have plainly been proved wrong and the Government's more cautious policy now seems justified.

The ordinary man and woman can thus fairly comfort themselves that, however much trouble this scheme has caused it has almost certainly been worth while, and has got the country round an awkward corner.



TAKING AND MAKING

TWICE THIS MONTH we shall be reminded of a heartbreakingly proud slogan from the war days—"Britain can take it!"

The King is to open in London the exhibition called "Britain Can Make It," illustrating the rebirth of our industries and showing its visitors the heartening reality behind the percentages in the export trade returns.

And at about the same time sentence will be passed at Nuremberg on Hermann Goering, Nazi war criminal, whose bombers forced us to coin the saying "Britain can take it," when we were still almost defenceless against the Huns.

If Goering had had his way, Britain could neither have "taken it" nor ever again have "made it."

Any British industries permitted after a German victory would have produced goods only for the Nazi war machine by the sweat of British slave workers.

There should be a notice at the entrance of the exhibition reminding us of the doom from which we saved ourselves.

And its moral would be that we can, if we will, also save ourselves by sheer effort and moral courage from the pitfalls of peace.

Spanish soldiers still in our Army, still in Britain. Many of them fought against Franco—and Hitler—when they were schoolboys

In Britain, disillusioned, are men who first fought for democracy ten years ago in Hitler's Spanish curtain-raiser. They ran their heads against the wall of Fascism, got up and took another run at it—this time in the ranks of our own Army

THEY'RE STILL BARRED BY FRANCO

by HUBERT COLE

TEN YEARS AGO, General Francisco Franco was planning his advance on Madrid, the seat of the Republican government of Spain. The Spanish Civil War which he had engineered was only a few months old.

Today, the Paris Conference is trying to solve the problems of the world civil war to which Franco's war acted as curtain-raiser. Spain was the provincial theatre where Hitler tried out his plans for total war before the big night.

Most of those bloody rehearsals in Spain from 1936 to 1939 were faithfully repeated in 1939 to 1945. Guernica provided the blueprint for Rotterdam; the fifth column in Madrid taught the lessons from which Quisling, Mussert and Degrelle learned; Guadalajara gave the Italians practice in marathon running that they were afterwards to improve on in Greece and North Africa.

There remains one notable exception:

The Fuehrer and the Duce are dead. The Caudillo still flourishes in a land of poverty, burdened with a universal black market, and kept in subjection by secret police and firing squads.

And what of those who fought against Franco?

Many are dead, in jails or in exile.

The war they fought in, the war which did not end with their defeat in 1939 but merely paused to gather breath before embracing the world, has finished. Now the peace is being fought out. But there is no reward in it for them.

These civilian-soldiers who remained faithful to the legal government of Spain were anti-Fascist in the days before it was fashionable to fight for democracy. The great democracies were not interested then. Mussolini, as Mr. Chamberlain pointed out, wouldn't tolerate interference in Spain.

Today, the victorious democracies are still not interested. We still will not interfere. It does seem to be carrying respect for the dead Duce a little far, don't you think?

Some of those forgotten, unfashionable, anti-Fascist Spaniards are friends of mine. Three years ago, I was serving with them in Algeria. They were soldiers in the British Army. Many of them are still in the Army—stationed now in England.

Fighting in Exile

They are very tired, and very disillusioned. They have had no homes for ten years—or at least for seven years, when Franco, with the assistance of 80,000 Moors, 80,000 Italians, and 13,000 Germans, finally drove them into exile.

When democracy in Spain went out for the count in 1939, these men refused to give up fighting for it. This is what some of them did:

Corporal P. crossed the Pyrennees and joined the French Foreign Legion, knowing that for Hitler and Mussolini the success in Spain was just a prelude.

When France capitulated, he deserted ("No—the Legion deserted me," he will tell you) and made his way to the Middle East. There he joined the British Army, served with Commandos in Crete and the Western Desert, and finally came to the unit of which I was second-in-command in Algeria.

Four other ex-Commandos came with him. They didn't like the change. At monthly intervals they would ask for an interview with the commander.

They came in very smartly. P., the only one of them who spoke recognizable English, acted as interpreter. Swarthy, thick-set, with flashing teeth, the others listened to him saying: "We wish to apply for a transfer back to our original unit, the 5th Battn., the Royal West Kents."

It was an amusing situation. It was touching, too—this loyalty to the unit of the foreign army in which they had renewed their struggle.

They had an immense respect for British institutions and the British people—in those days. Some, after escaping over the Pyrennees, had been put into French concentration camps, and later transferred to similar camps in North Africa. They were not pleasant places.

Lance-Corporal F. was kept in one. He ultimately gave evidence at the *procès des tortionnaires* in Algiers which resulted in death sentences for several of the Frenchmen who ran the camps.

When the Allies landed, he enlisted in the British Army. He wears the ribbon of the Africa Star.

He wears no ribbons for the three years during which he fought against Franco. Exiled democrats don't qualify for medals. Besides, they would be embarrassing to us.

After all, we are still on normal diplomatic terms with the Caudillo, the man who leased his country for Hitler's dress rehearsals.

Escaped to Mountains

I asked Corporal B. what he did ten years ago.

He said: "I was at school when the civil war started. I joined the army to fight for the government. When my unit was defeated, I escaped to the mountains, but was captured by Franco's men and sent to jail for four years.

"Then they let me out on—what do you call it?—a ticket. I joined the Spanish Legion to get to Morocco. From there I was able to cross the frontier and join the British Army."

It is always the same story with these men. Fighting against superior forces in the civil war, years in concentration camps, jails or foreign legions, years more in the British Army.

They ran their heads against the brick wall of Fascism. Then they picked themselves up and took another run at it. It needs a lot of courage to do that sort of thing continually for ten years, without reward.

They still have courage. But they are beginning to lose hope. They were ahead of the fashion in 1936. They begin to suspect that they are behind the fashion in 1946.

I remember a conversation that I had with Corporal Z. at a time when the company was being sent to England and I was leaving for Italy. He asked for a private interview.

He said: "I have heard that we are being sent to England. From Algeria I am able to send money home to my family in Spain through underground channels. If I go to England I do not believe I shall be able to do that. I want to help the Allied war effort; but I also have a duty to my family. I have been away from them for so long. I am worried about them. I do not know how they can live if I fail to send them money.

"So I have decided to desert. I wanted to come and tell you my reasons first, so that you will not think me ungrateful."

It was not a situation envisaged in any army regulations. I told him that he would be foolish to desert, because there was a good chance that he would be caught and punished.

That was my official answer. I added that, in my opinion, as soon as the war was over, Britain would help to get Franco turned out, and Corporal Z. would get back to Spain all the quicker if he were still in the British Army.

He took my advice. Now I wish I hadn't given it.

Other nations have proposed ways of throwing

out Franco. The French Government closed the border posts into Spain and proposed that the other democracies should similarly break off relations with the Franco Government.

But Britain refused.

Then a similar suggestion was advanced at UNO —this time by the Russian bloc. Britain opposed it, on the grounds that the Spanish people should take action themselves.

A reasonable point of view, of course. It costs twenty pesetas to buy a loaf of bread in Spain. The average working man earns from twelve to fifteen pesetas a day. So, if the working man doesn't like having to pay more than a day's wages for his family's daily loaf of bread, it's up to him to throw Franco out, isn't it?

The only flaw in the argument is that Franco can buy quite a handful of bullets for twenty pesetas, and he likes to keep his firing squads in practice.

What *is* behind this strange reluctance of the democracies to take active steps to wipe out Europe's last Fascist plague-spot?

It cannot be a desire to protect the foreign capital invested in Spanish mines, industries and utilities. That capital, in any event, would rapidly switch its allegiance and support to a more democratic government as soon as it was evident that Franco's day was over.

Is it, then, the old Red bogey?

If so, it is still difficult to see why these exiles, these vicious Spaniards who have spent ten years away from home fighting in the common war against Fascism, should suffer for it.

When the men began to be due for release, it was at first suggested that they should be sent back to Algeria to be discharged. Many of them would have been immediately arrested by the French authorities as "deserters" from the Foreign Legion.

The next suggestion was that they should be sent to Italy (shades of Guadalajara!) and treated apparently as a new type of displaced person with all the amenities of an UNRRA camp.

Meanwhile, Italian prisoners were being allowed to remain in England as farm workers, and Poles were being brought to settle in England with their Italian wives.

Now these embarrassing Spaniards have been given permission to be discharged in Britain. They have not, as far as I know, been offered British citizenship if they want it.

Very few of them do want it. Some twenty or thirty have married English girls, and hope to work here. The remainder want just one thing: to return to their own country. With Franco in power, that would be suicide. So many are saying goodbye to the grateful shores of Britain and hoping to start life again in France or South America—still in exile.

The Fuehrer and the Duce are dead but General Francisco Franco thrives on their ill-fated methods

Franco Would Fall

"We believed that Britain supported democracy. Now we find that it is Britain and America who refuse to join the other nations in ostracizing Franco.

"We do not ask that Britain should interfere in the internal affairs of Spain. We ask only that you should refuse to recognize its Fascist government.

"If diplomatic relations with Spain were severed by the leading nations of the world, Franco would fall immediately, and without bloodshed.

"Instead, the great democracies do nothing, and day by day there is an increase of Communist feeling in Spain, since it is Russia and her supporters who are identifying themselves with our cause. If it is Communism that you fear, you must act at once. Soon it will be too late.

"There will be civil war again. The Communists will get help from Russia. Spain will be a battlefield once more. We do not want that. Our country has suffered too much."

Those are some of the things that these men said to me.

Their families are still in Spain, eking out an existence dominated by the black market and the secret police. Unless we support the other nations of the world in breaking off relations with Franco, there are only two ways in which she will go.

One is an eventual Communist uprising, supported from Russia, which really will result in that Red Spain about which we have shouted "wolf, wolf" so long.

What are British Plans?

The other is a rising by the army whose leaders are still jealous of Franco, who was a very junior general, for having jumped ahead of his seniors on the army list. That would mean more civil war and a doubtful government at the end of it.

"The British Government say they have plans, and we must wait," said Sergeant J. "But we have waited so long. We do not really believe in promises any more."

And that is how I left them. Tired, disillusioned, very nearly without hope.

I had tried to convince them that Britain does not like to interfere in the affairs of other countries; that we wished them well, and admired the magnificent spirit they had shown.

I had put up as good a case as I could. But I did not convince even myself.

Their politeness and eagerness to talk of the happier days we spent together, when both they and I thought that we were serving the same cause, increased still more my embarrassment. I could not think of any words of apology that would not have been an insult.

PRIVATE VIEW OF MICHAEL REDGRAVE

ORDINARY BLOKE

YOU'VE PROBABLY NOTICED how things can pop suddenly into the foreground of your awareness. A foreign city is just a dot on the map until an atom bomb goes off above it.

Then it becomes an important city—at least the spot where it once stood is significant.

With celebrities it's the same. They are just writers or singers or actors until something different happens to them; then they are discussed and people want to know what they read, drink or like doing.

Michael Redgrave is just another film star. He gets 1,500 pounds sterling and 1,500 letters a week, and every now and then he turns out a picture.

But very soon he's going to shoot out ahead of other stars. The event is likely to follow the release of his latest picture, *The Man Within*, adapted from Graham Greene's novel of the same name. The locale is Sussex, the year 1820, and Michael is the captain of the *Good Chance*, a smuggling vessel. The film is a record of his odyssey, of his revenge and betrayal. In anticipation of the critics, "it is the best thing he has ever done."

REDGRAVE first came to the screen as an experienced and well-known performer of the West End stage.

He had got there by way of amateur theatricals at Cambridge, as an undergraduate in Magdalene College, acting Shakespeare for the Marlowe Society and "walking on" at Stratford-on-Avon during the vacations; thence through the repertory mill at Liverpool and Guildford after having first tried to make a living at writing and as a schoolmaster at Cranleigh.

He married Rachel Kempson in 1935, in the chapel of the Royal Naval College, Dartmouth. She was then leading lady of the Liverpool Repertory Company—that was how they met.

They have three children now: Vanessa, aged nine; Corin William, aged seven; and Lynn, aged three. The whole family, with nursemaid and Michael's secretary, live in a house he bought last year on the Chiswick reaches of the Thames.

Neighbours include Alec Guinness, who has a child, and A. P. Herbert, who has grandchildren. These, with the Redgrave triumvirate, go to a little private school nearby which they have started all for themselves.

Apparently it is a success because a visit to his home on a recent morning was accompanied by no screams or yells to infect the cloistered peace of the back garden. But the lawn looked like an extinct battlefield with tanks and engines overturned, the wreckage of a dive bomber, Corin's motor car capsized in collision with a scooter, and dolls, golliwogs and teddy bears lying in grotesque postures.

IN the summer house, on dilapidated garden furniture, Michael went through the motions of lighting an old briar pipe and sucking at it luxuriously. Then he looked into the middle distance, remembered something was amiss, and disappeared to return with beer and glasses.

He wore a loose jacket, check shirt, maroon corduroys, blue socks and old shoes. He is tall and beefy with fine white teeth, light hair, a red nose, and blue eyes that keep straying, again and again, into that middle distance.

This is not uncommon with actors. You feel they're carrying out an early injunction to concentrate on some unfortunate way up in the gallery. It may be an occupational disease. But as a habit it enhances the outward and visible Michael Redgrave with intellectual, contemplative and æsthetic values.

The impression is that he sheds his glamour at home, that he's an ordinary, uninhibited chap with a soft voice and a lot of intelligent things to say.

He *is* a socialist and has views as a playwright and actor. During the war he served as a seaman aboard the aircraft carrier *Illustrious*, until an accident invalided him out.

For straight parts he uses no make-up. There aren't many screen stars who do admit to using make-up, but Michael and his publicity hand-outs are honest in this respect. What he does, however, is face a sun lamp for so many minutes a day. This gives him the tan he'd normally get were he to live in Hollywood.

His dressing-room is like a luxury flat, and it is here he eats the lunch that accompanies him to the studios. He claims it is not a big lunch—he may not think it is because normally he eats gluttonously.

OF course there are occasions when he eats at the Gainsborough cafeteria, usually at the stars' table. If he is alone he will have a script propped up in front of his plate, and he'll swot his lines, masticate mouthfuls and wash the lot down with a gulp of water.

Michael absorbs a lot of calories. But he works them off with, sometimes, twelve hours on the set, squash at the Hurlingham Club, walking, swimming, gardening, playing the piano and singing traditional songs like "Ho-ro, My Nut Brown Maiden."

Occasionally he and Rachel decide to have a party. They are always last-minute parties, and never with the intention of inviting people just to fulfil social obligations.

If it is summer, and the weather fine, everything goes to the far end of the lawn, under the trellis festooned with creepers. Rachel and Michael get things together, kids and staff helping. Chairs come out, depleting the lounge and the dining-room, tables are spread, and a row of bottles and glasses appears on parade, a radiogram for sweet music and, for soft lights, Chinese lanterns swinging from the grape vines overhead.

The last-minute guests are a mixed crowd—actors, producers, painters, writers, varied in their views, variegated in their politics, but having in common with Michael and Rachel a penchant for good fun and intelligent conversation. They dance on the hard patch.

Sometimes Romany Rudi interrupts. He is a bull terrier of eleven months, with abounding enthusiasm and a fund of affectionate and embarrassingly doggy tricks. He never remains long at a party.

TALKING POINTS ABOUT

twins

AN AMENDMENT to the National Health Insurance Act doubles the £4 maternity benefit in the event of twins and trebles it for triplets. The law is ready to admit that twins are no joke.

★ ★ ★

Triplets were certainly no joke to Mr. and Mrs. Roy Isted, of Farnborough, who were living in one room and already had a boy aged three. David, Anthony and Alan, all born within twenty minutes, weighed 6 lb. 12 oz., 4 lb. 15 oz. and 6 lb. 3 oz. respectively — exceptionally high weights for triplets

★ ★ ★

The eleven children of Arthur Griser and his wife, Irma (they live in Pitcairn, Pennsylvania), include four sets of twins. The father is himself a twin. Mrs. W. J. Dabney, of Talahassee, Florida, has had four sets of twins in four years.

★ ★ ★

Twins are of two kinds, like and unlike. Unlike twins occur when two separate ova are fertilized. Though often very similar, they need show no greater similarity than any brothers or sisters. They are frequently different in sex. Like twins result from the splitting and dual development of a single fertilized ovum. They are always the same sex and so extraordinarily similar that they are hardly distinguishable.

★ ★ ★

Quads are always the result of the fertilization of two separate ova, each of which splits as in the case of like twins. Triplets may come from three separate ova, or from a double fertilization followed by the splitting of one embryo. By watching the arrangement of the membranes (thin wrappings) broken at birth, doctors can usually tell what happened.

★ ★ ★

Like twins are often inseparable, and they live astonishingly similar lives even when parted at birth. Tales of telepathic contact between them are many. When an axe injured the eye of five-year-old Thomas Stocker, of Manchester, his twin brother William's eye began to swell.

★ ★ ★

The famous Gutteridge twins were both fine boxers in their day, and later seconds. Both were wounded on the Somme in 1916 on the same day. Only the three-inch-high initial badges they wore enabled you to tell which one you were speaking to. Not long ago they were both seconds in the same fight. French welterweight, Koudri, kept going to the wrong corner.

★ ★ ★

Siamese twins, so called after the famous Chang and Eng, who lived to be sixty-three, are like twins imperfectly separated. Their legal status has never been solved. When Violet and Daisy, the famous couple born in Brighton thirty-seven years ago, told a New York magistrate that one of them wanted to marry, he first refused to admit their separate identity. As proof that they were different, they pointed out that Violet liked spinach and Daisy didn't.

★ ★ ★

In Britain, twins occur once in seventy-four births; in Russia, once in seventy-one; Ireland, once in sixty-six; Italy, once in eighty-five. The figure for Japan is once in 301, but this cannot be taken as reliable.

★ ★ ★

Certain African tribes consider twins a terrible disgrace. The second child is killed—it is considered the result of the mother's intercourse with the Devil.

★ ★ ★

There was also a case recently in Argentina of a man said to have concealed the birth of quins to avoid the publicity. Incidentally, it has brought the famous Dionne quins a fortune of one million dollars in Government Bonds, and a yearly income of fifty thousand dollars.

★ ★ ★

World's best twins story: The father, overcome by the news, rushes into the ward. The doctor, masked and rubber-gloved, rebukes him sternly. "You can't come in here, you're not sterile." The father says: "You're telling me."

LIFE'S GREATEST MYSTERY

Is death the end of everything—and life's struggle, therefore, purposeless, for saint and sinner alike? Or is there a divine reckoning beyond the grave? Common sense, backed by our oldest instincts, supplies an answer

says the REV. W. E. PURCELL

The hands of H. G. Wells. Hands that wrote the words: "For him who has faith, death ceases to possess any quality of terror"

H. G. WELLS, WHO IMAGINED so brilliantly the shape of things to come, knows now in another sense what their shape actually is, because he has taken the only road so far known to lead to an answer.

The greatest mystery of all—the mystery of what lies ahead of Everyman in the Great Beyond—remains unsolved because one road, and one road only, leads to its solution.

Amazing as have been those mysteries opened up by science, of which Wells was the seer, the key to that "undiscovered country, from whose bourn no traveller returns," remains securely hidden away. And though mankind's ever-widening knowledge is changing the face of the world, we know no more than the cave man what lies beyond it.

In some ways we know less.

Religious faith, which once gave to multitudes a working answer, an explanation which brought peace and content to many troubled souls, reaches now to fewer hearts. The fact matters greatly.

Like a weakness in foundations which can eventually bring a whole building down—unsuspected, but nevertheless there—this modern lack of conviction in human destiny may well prove to be our most dangerous psychological flaw.

"What is it all for?" and "How will it work out?" are questions to which the ordinary man and woman particularly need an answer in weary times when an almost unprecedented run of troubles and disappointments have bred in many a dangerous cynicism as to the worthwhileness of the whole business of living.

Facing the Facts

But the answer must be a straight one. This is an age of facts, and the times we have lived through have taught us to face them.

Less sentimental in many ways than our grandparents, we require today to know the actual realities of a situation which many feel can no longer be summed up in the comfortable phrase: "God's in His heaven, all's right with the world."

What, then, are the known facts concerning this great mystery. Do people really survive? Is there a Beyond at all, or is there—nothing?

One fact is outstanding: that of all puzzles this is the oldest, and that people have wrinkled their brows over it ever since the distant dawn of those times in which they first learnt to think.

Anthropologists, who study the science of man, archæologists confronted with the silent testimony of ancient records, agree that the mystery of further existence was something over which even stone-age man must sometimes have pondered.

From then onward, in many different places and times, the same conclusion has been reached—that there is a Beyond. That is a second fact.

The mysterious Islands of the Blessed, pictured in ancient Egypt as the forever peaceful abode of chosen souls, the Valhalla of the viking warrior, the cool, palm-shaded Paradise of the Mohammedan, where the desert no longer glares, and there is always water—all are different guesses at the nature of that Beyond. But all are unanimous in one thing—that it does exist.

For human common sense in all ages has found it hard to swallow the idea that the individual life, complex and difficult enough for most people, should end merely in nothing. In no explanation, no reward, no verdict either way.

That now a Wells and perhaps soon a Goering, when the Nuremberg verdict is given, the warm-hearted genius and the cold-blooded gangster, should pass into the equal nothingness of silence, unpraised and unblamed, would make mockery of all justice, human or Divine.

So we, at any rate, instinctively feel. But a fairly new idea which has come along claims that our deepest instincts in this matter are wrong.

This new idea born among the microscopes and apparatus of the scientist's laboratory, seeks to tell us that our physical selves decay and come to a finish like all other material things.

That in itself is not new.

What is new is the claim that our physical selves make up the sum total of what we are, so that when they finish, so do we, too.

This modern solution of the greatest mystery of all is that there is no mystery. Valhalla, the Isles of the Blessed, the Mohammedan's Paradise, even the Heaven and Hell of the Christian, go on to the junk heap and are replaced by—nothing.

This matters perhaps most, because it reduces the number of things in which the ordinary man can believe, yet gives him nothing in exchange. Nor in human terms, does it make sense.

For the most part, of course—earning a living, bringing up our families, and taking our pleasures—we are too busy to give time to the question at all. We take life as we find it, and live it as best we can. But life is a drama, and has its solemn moments as well as its laughs, and it is in such moments that the question has a way of arising.

Belief in Survival

A man who had recently lost his young wife wrote to me the other day. "I loved my wife more than anything else," he said. "Will I ever meet her again? It is very hard to think I have to go on for ever without my best pal and comforter."

It is in the face of situations of this kind that the "nothing hereafter" theory breaks down.

Wells, the scientist, the keen critic of whatever he saw as sentimental and false, might have said there was no answer. But Wells, the creator of Kipps, the "story of a simple soul," Wells the kindly champion of the fumbling aspirations of ordinary people after truth and knowledge, could scarcely have thought so. "For him who has faith," he once wrote, "death ceases to possess any quality of terror."

Faith in what? A picture taken in Piccadilly on VE-Day shows a huge crowd of people in one of the great moments of their lives. The one fact, and the one fact only, which we know with certainty about that multitude, is that not a single member of it will be here in a hundred years.

Will all their trials, and all the strivings and endeavours they have lived through end for them in nothing? If that were the case, we would have to revise many of our working ideas about some of the things we value most.

If, through experiments even more sensational than those which uncovered the secret of the atom, some scientist were able to uncover the secret of life itself, and to prove beyond shadow of doubt that there is nothing hereafter, what kind of a world should we find ourselves left with?

Nothing Left Without Faith

The change would be vastly greater than anything atomic energy could do.

Every human relationship would be different, love and self-sacrifice would scarcely seem worth the candle, because so brief; every code of morality would have either to be scrapped or entirely rewritten. Very few things except self-interest would seem worth bothering about. The ordinary man, asked whether such a world would be a heaven or a hell, could give only one answer.

Like vitamins in food, so belief in a world to come—even a subconscious belief, a conviction never talked about—is a necessity.

The belief must come from somewhere. The third fact about this greatest mystery of all is that, as far as we are concerned, belief has mostly come from the teachings of that Christian faith in which our Western world grew up.

To cast off all interest in that faith, as so many have done, out of a feeling that the crude "Heaven" its exponents have sometimes pictured is too childlike for the modern mind, is a wasteful process, like throwing away a jewel of great price merely because it is not set in pure gold.

For the fourth great fact is this, that the deepest instincts of the average man, inner promptings which tell him that there is a hereafter where his struggles have their reward, where wrongs which no laws here can alter are put right, where the weary can rest and loved ones meet again, are in agreement with the teachings of a Faith which some of the wisest and the best have accepted.

The scientific world of which Wells dreamt will be a poor place, perhaps an impossible place, unless it still makes room for the age-old conviction that a better world lies beyond.

And that it is still a worthwhile adventure for all of us to journey towards it.

OUR PORTS GET A MOVE ON

AFTER SURVIVING THE WORST PERILS the Nazis could bring them by bomb and blockade, the ports of this island are now engaged in another life and death struggle.

Success means prosperity and a decent national standard of living; failure could mean nothing less than the end of Britain as a great nation.

Some of us are apt to forget that we live on a small island and that without our seaborne trade we should die.

Neither hard work in our factories nor austerity in our homes will help us unless all goes well with our ports and shipping.

Why do we read of unemployed dockers, of men kicking their heels in the merchant seamen's pools?

Our shipping problems arise from the fact that twice in recent years the Merchant Service has had to switch over—from peace to war and from war to something like peace.

The outbreak of war stopped dead the ports' huge volume of ordinary commercial shipping. Then, for six nerve-racking years, the docks hummed with feverish activities.

An iron curtain of control fell on the ports. Pass systems were inaugurated, docks police reinforced, and armed sentries posted at neutral ships. Docks managers were appointed approved authorities by the War Office, with power to deny access to the docks and prosecute offenders against the many Defence Regulations.

To defeat enemy agents, security control officers were detailed by M.I.5 to co-operate with police, cu .oms and immigration officers.

A naval officer was given over-all command of each port. Naval control staff officers, sea transport officers, military movement control officers and a host of others invaded the docks.

Battered Ports Revive

All through the war, every port worker was worth his weight in gold. The dockers earned big money in full employment.

Then came the peace. The enormous shipping requirements of the Services fell away, and something like stagnation took the place of all-out effort.

The weary men in the battered ports had to begin all over again. Trade was almost at a standstill, for there were no imports except a reduced volume of necessities, and little going out until the export drive got under way.

Food shipments to newly liberated Europe and the repatriation of American troops gave the dockers work but even now, after a year's strenuous export drive, they still could do with more.

It looks as though they will soon get it.

On the whole, the reconversion from war to peace has gone well. War damage is being repaired, shipping (almost entirely released from Government control) is nearly back to normal and trade is steadily improving.

Let's take a look round.

Next to London, Hull was hardest hit by the Luftwaffe. Behind the port lies the ruined city, with whose replanning the rebuilding of the port is linked. Shortage of labour has delayed repairs to quays, sheds and warehouses, but imports of grain, oil seeds and timber are being handled in increasing volume. Our trade agreement with Denmark was good news for Hull. The Covent Garden of the north is already busy bringing in fruit once again.

But like the unfortunate Welsh ports, Hull is suffering from the lack of her principal export, coal.

Before the war Liverpool was called the Gateway of the West, and the title became apter when the naval headquarters of Western Approaches was based on the port.

A peak total of 17,860 port workers was needed to deal with the 70,000,000 tons of cargo discharged at the Merseyside docks and the vast tonnage of oil for warships and planes. But when this stopped, 700 men were laid off every week.

Trade is picking up now and the Merseyside factories are turning out goods at a fine rate.

New Types of Cargo

Lack of local factories proved a handicap to Bristol's export trade for many years before 1939. But over £1,000,000 was spent on developing the docks during the war years, when the volume of shipping doubled. Many new types of cargo were handled. Bristol should profit from this experience, although it will have to face stern competition from revived London and Southampton.

The war story of Southampton ran like this: a flood of refugees in 1940; a long period of enforced inactivity; and a year of triumphant endeavour.

In the seventeen weeks following D-Day, Southampton dealt with military tonnage equivalent in volume to its total exports and imports for the whole of 1938.

Enough fresh water was shipped over to the Normandy beaches to fill the King George V graving dock, the largest dry dock in the world!

Today, with her great liners, the *Queen Mary* and *Queen Elizabeth*, returning to their peacetime schedules, Southampton again leads as a passenger port. And more commercial cargoes of all kinds are moving in and out every month.

Now come with me to the Port of London.

Considering its proximity to Nazi-occupied Europe, it was a miracle that London's seaway kept open during the war. Many people imagined it as closed by the blitz. In fact, not only repairs but even extensions were made while the war was on.

Before the war the Port of London Authority had 500 acres of warehouse and shed floor space, with accommodation for more than a million tons of goods. Bombs hit a lot of this; they wiped out the big refrigerator warehouses alongside Greenland Dock, which used to be filled with dairy produce from Canada and the United States.

Millions of cups of tea were lost—the port used to take in 92 per cent of the nation's supplies of tea—but stocks are being built up. Last February, one ship alone, the *Empire Allanby*, brought in 106,771 chests, the biggest shipment since the first cargo of tea came up the Thames in 1660.

British ports are in action on the export front. Here is a typi

In the Royal Albert Dock I saw the U.S. Liberty ship *Clifford E. Ashby*, still rusty in her grey warpaint, discharging sugar from Cuba. Cargoes are coming in fairly regularly, but the P.L.A. is still a long way short of its average pre-war intake—more than a million tons a year.

At the height of the blitz, gutters ran yellow with nicotine, and bomb-damaged tobacco was turned to use as fertilizer, but the P.L.A. now holds stocks of 38,000 tons compared with the pre-war average of 55,000 tons.

I spent a chilly hour walking through the P.L.A. cold stores. Their capacity is 6,000,000 cubic feet; it seemed as if all the meat in the world were stocked there. Before the war the Port of London took in 728,000 tons a year, sixty-eight per cent of all the frozen and chilled meat we used to import.

It's surprising how much meat a ship can take. The British *Colombia Star*, a special meat carrier from Buenos Aires, was unloading. She had brought us 6,000 tons, enough meat to cram

cal loading scene painted for JOHN BULL by Edward Osmond

By a combination of pluck and hard work, our ports survived the blitz. Now they're in the thick of another struggle, and this JOHN BULL survey shows how they're tackling it

by WILFRID WEBSTER

twenty-four medium-sized suburban villas full from top to bottom!

Discharging in Surrey Docks, on the south side of the river, were two Swedish and two Finnish ships, the first of this season's Baltic timber ships to arrive.

They had brought in 3,000 standards of soft wood, mainly for housing.

The upward climb is slow here. Repairs have yet to be completed on the seventy-seven acres of timber sheds burned out in the 1940 blitz. More than thirty ships would normally be unloading wood at this time of year.

Let's watch a cargo liner loading exports for various countries overseas. It is a mixed cargo, all sorts of goods arriving at the docks at different times from all over the country, and it is being stowed in huge "pockets," light stuff on top and heavy underneath, so that each section can be unloaded at its port of discharge without disturbing the remainder.

When it comes to ordered planning, give me a superintendent stevedore! A gang of seventeen dockers is at work by one of the ship's many winches.

Down below we see the rest of the gang. The hold is half-full of heavy machinery, secured by heavy timber chocks and bedded in tightly-packed miscellaneous cargo.

Hoisted on board by special gear is a consignment of 200 motor cars for Bermuda. Till the war, cars were forbidden on that coral island; along came the Yanks with their jeeps and changed that idea. Now our manufacturers have got the business.

South Africa heads the list of our car customers; India comes next, and far more orders would pour in from that vast country if only we could ship cars out there quickly enough.

It takes three months to get a car shipped to India. The reason is that we cannot afford to send exports anywhere unless the ship carrying them brings goods back to this country, and India must keep for home consumption the wheat, ground nuts and other commodities which she used to send us.

Repairing Tired Ships

We need every ship we have, and more, to be fully loaded on both homeward and outward voyages.

How tired our ships were when VE-Day was signalled! For more than six years they had been driven far beyond the normal limits, major repairs only being sanctioned when a ship just could not keep running without them.

Now a record number of ships are laid up for repairs. This can account for men standing idle in the seamen's pools. British crews sign off when an overseas voyage is completed, and if their ship goes into dry dock they may have to wait some time before they can be found another.

In between wars we grossly neglected our Merchant Service. At the beginning of this century Britain owned more than half of the world's merchant shipping. In 1914 we had 41 per cent of it, and by 1938 only a little more than a quarter. While rival nations subsidized their merchant shipping, many of our ship's officers and seamen were left to rot on the dole.

Today, however, our shipyards are going all out to build up the tonnage we need so badly. On the Clyde, scene of almost all the great advances made in the shipping industry in the past 200 years, the Scots shipbuilders are working as never before. It's the same on the Tyne, where orders running into many millions of pounds are being filled. Altogether, no fewer that 400 ships are now under construction in British yards.

Leaving out Russia and Poland, for which I have no figures, we are building more ships than the rest of the world put together.

Nor will we go short of men to man them. There are more applications from young men to join the Merchant Service than there are vacancies at present. So the outlook is at least encouraging.

Meantime, it is up to us to keep the ships filled. The men in the ports are waiting to load them. Remember, our existence is at stake once more.

Locomotives are a major item on our export list, but demand for British engineering still exceeds supply

Above and below: food arrives for the home market. No export ship is allowed to return without cargo

As I was saying ★ by HERBERT HODGE

MR. HODGE GOES TO PRESS

"Two hundred years ago I should have spent most of my time in jail"

Will more and bigger newspapers make us all wiser or sillier? asks JOHN BULL's Homely Philosopher. Wiser, he thinks—so long as we remember that democracy's best safeguard lies in freedom of speech

I'M LOOKING FORWARD with a great deal of curiosity to September 23.

For the first time since 1941, newspapers will be free to print as many copies as they can sell. Readers will be able to obtain easily a copy of any newspaper they fancy. They will also be getting, in most cases, a bigger newspaper.

What difference will this increased newsprint make to public opinion? Will more and bigger newspapers make us all wiser—or sillier? Or will most of us continue, as at present, to take a great deal of what we read with a grain of salt?

Whatever the result, no one can deny that the Labour Government has made a gesture in releasing more newsprint.

When you consider that the Opposition newspapers have used the few pages they had to attack almost everything the present Government has done, you can't help feeling that to allow them more newsprint, with which to increase their attacks—if they so wish—is as noble as turning the other cheek.

Is it a wise thing to do? From a strictly Labour Party point of view, perhaps it isn't. But this question goes far deeper than party politics.

It involves the whole business of freedom of speech—the unfettered expression of opinion.

It isn't a question of whether it's expedient for the Government to allow its opponents more paper. It's a question of whether it's *right* to allow everybody all the *available* paper.

And it seems to me that the Government has shown far greater wisdom, in this case, by doing the right thing, regardless of political issues, than it would have done if it had attempted to do the expedient thing and withheld the extra paper.

I suppose it was partly the fear of this increased newsprint in irresponsible hands that led to the recent demand for a public inquiry into the Press.

Such an inquiry, it seems to me, could do a great deal of good. The more the reader knows about the people who own and run his newspaper, the better he is able to judge what he reads.

If, for instance, he knows that paper A belongs to a Cocoa King, and paper B to a Beer Baron, he'll know that if he wants to get a balanced view of either beer or cocoa, he'll have to read both papers.

Actually, of course, the whole business is much more complicated than that. But that's the essence of it. And in so far as a public inquiry into the Press helps the reader to know who runs his paper, and why, it's all to the good.

Profit or Politics?

But some of the people who support this proposed inquiry are doing so in the hope that the Government will find a way of "controlling" the Press. And that, it seems to me, wouldn't do at all.

The people who call for Government control make three main charges. Firstly, that our modern newspapers, being run chiefly to make money for their owners, are not as reliable as they would be if they were run without a profit motive.

Secondly, that since a newspaper depends on the sale of advertisement space for a large part of its revenue, the big advertisers may have too much to say in the paper's editorial policy.

Thirdly, that it's dangerous for a few men to have control of whole groups of newspapers, since those few men, because they have the necessary money, may thus be able to sway large sections of public opinion in any direction they fancy.

It all looks very bad, put like that. A lot of it may be true. But would more Government control improve things? I don't think it would.

It's nearly two hundred years, now, since John Wilkes was prosecuted for attacking the King's Speech in his paper *The North Briton*, and his printers, proof readers, and paper sellers dragged off to prison. But newspapers were more or less severely controlled by the various Governments in power for many years after that. And I don't think any student of history would claim that they were the better for it.

All it amounted to was that the politicians in power were more easily able to suppress the opinions of their opponents.

Bribes From Foreigners

As for a chap like me, who likes to exercise his democratic privilege, and take a knock at both sides when he feels the urge, it seems that if I'd lived then, I should have spent most of my time in jail no matter what party was in power.

Newspapers in those days were not often run to make money. They were run mainly by rich men with a political axe to grind. But that didn't make their pages any more truthful.

As between the man who is out to make money by selling me the kind of newspaper he thinks I'll like, and the man who has a political axe to grind, I prefer the man who is frankly out to make money. I do, at least, know what he's up to.

Then, again, take the question of advertisements. It may be a regrettable thing that the modern British newspaper should have to depend for so much of its income upon advertisements. But what's the alternative?

The pre-war French Press, unable to make as much from advertisements, took secret bribes from foreign governments. The pre-advertisement British Press took subsidies from political parties.

The modern British and American method of openly selling space to advertisers, is sweet, clean, honest and above board, by comparison.

Control Won't Help

Every newspaper strives, by building up a large circulation, to put itself in so strong a position that the advertisers are only too pleased to buy space to put their wares before its many readers—whether they agree with its editorial policy or not.

There's also the point that advertisements are useful to the reader. Few of us buy a paper solely for its advertisements, but we nearly all read them. And I doubt if a single one of us could honestly say that we hadn't come across *something* we wanted in the advertisement columns.

All this may sound surprising, coming from an avowed Socialist like myself. But I've thought over this problem for a good many years, and I can see no prospect of improvement in any form of control.

One thing's certain. There can be no human advance without complete freedom of speech. You can't hope for freedom of speech in a State-controlled Press. No matter how well-meaning your political leaders may be, it's asking too much of their human nature.

Even in Utopia, the newspapers will still have to be run by independent private enterprise. There is no other way of keeping opinion free.

The one danger in our present set-up would be a private newspaper monopoly—controlled by one man or one group of men. That could be worse than a Press controlled by elected politicians.

But the best safeguard against monopoly is not restriction, but more and more scope for the free expression of opinion. More newsprint, more newspapers and periodicals.

THE HUMAN MACHINE

tackle it now

by ROFFE THOMPSON

THERE IS AN OLD PROVERB that says: "Never put off till tomorrow what you can do today." Most people, however, tend to reverse it, and rule their lives by a proverb that says: "Never do today what you can put off till tomorrow!"

Well, we all wish to have an easy life. We all want to be happy and avoid trouble. There's nothing wrong in that.

To want to be happy, healthy and gay is a natural and wholesome desire. Only a soured misanthrope would say otherwise. But the cold fact is that the world gives us some good hard knocks from time to time.

We are faced with disagreeable jobs that have to be done.

There's only one way to enjoy life, and that's to tackle the ugly tasks and get them done. To put off the evil day is fatal. It still hovers in the background. We are always conscious of its shadow. We can't help thinking about it.

To put off till the very last possible moment something we don't like doing is not the way to an easy life. There is only one real approach and that's to face our difficulties as soon as they appear.

"Tackle it now!" should be the motto of everyone who wants an easy mind, let alone an easy life.

The more distasteful a job, the more common sense demands that we get rid of it as soon as we can. "Take the bull by the horns." That's sound advice.

"The whole air was full of that jerky, creaking sound. I knew that if the car didn't start next try, I was a gonner. The old paralysis was steadily creeping over me"

Back of Beyond

"White man will not come back," warned his bearers. But he wouldn't listen to their ghost stories—until he saw the Things that lurked in the green mists of an uncharted jungle

by Dorothy Black

THERE WERE THREE OF US in the bar of the "King's Head" the night the stranger came in. There was Rusty, just back from being a sailor, telling a tall tale, and Pawky, sitting with his mug of beer in one corner.

The stranger with the withered arm came in and took a seat under the darts board. He was thin, and yellowish as to complexion, and his face had a nervous twitch.

"You been demobbed, too, mate?" said Rusty, a genial soul. The stranger passed his hand over his face. A queer tight smile he had. It looked as if it hurt him.

"I didn't get this in the war," he said. "Not in any war. In Burma, in '37, I got this. You want a tall tale? Well, listen to me. You don't have to believe me. I don't care. I know what I know. I can only tell you what happened."

Rusty collected four more pints of ale. We settled down to listen.

"I was travelling," said the stranger, "in sewing machines. A good line, they were. And it was a pretty good job—with salary, commission and a charge account. It meant getting around, in some pretty out-of-the-way places. But I was always one for adventure. I liked that. Folks are friendly in these out-of-the-way stations. Some places they hadn't seen a white man in months before I came along.

"Of course, there was trouble from time to time. Rebellions and insurrections, and one lot of folk scrapping with the other. But out East, it's a funny thing, you can have a slap-up rebellion in one street and the folks living in the next street hardly know a thing about it."

"That's so," said Rusty, to make it plain he, too, had travelled.

"It was the start of the hot weather season. I had just got in from a tour of Lower Burma—Bassein, Myobin, Myngmya, Henzada. Pretty good trade, I'd done. Burmans take easily to sewing machines, and there were the tailors in the bazaar. We ran a special line for them. Painted bright red, because they are fond of colour out there. Looked like infant fire engines, I always thought. It had been my idea, and the firm were pretty pleased about it. They'd gone like hot cakes.

"No one would have minded if I'd stayed in the head office for a while—it being the hot weather, and one thing and another. But maybe it was the success I'd had in the Delta, I can't remember.

"I recollect I sat up one night with my maps, and I made up a tour of practically uncharted country north-west of Bhamo. I was always one for a bit of exploring, and it would be cooler up there this time of year, and I reckoned I'd be combining business with pleasure. They thought it a pretty good idea at the head office. They looked on me, at that time, as one of their most promising young men. The Head told me that himself.

"I took my car and my two Burman boys . . . good chaps they were. They'd been with me all my time out East. If it hadn't been for them I wouldn't be sitting here now, I can tell you. Maung Thaik and Maung Whet—Burmans from Mandalay.

"FROM the moment I told them what I had in mind, and the way we were going, they both became curiously glum. Maung Thaik said there was no good country that way. 'Better keep north,' he said. 'Plenty villages in the north with ladies waiting for stitching wheel.' Why not?

"'We're going west,' I said. For I had a great yen to see what lay behind the line of hills you saw from the river. The frontier of India lay to the north, and to the extreme west, the sea. On the map there was very little shown, which meant the country was practically undeveloped. We started up river for Bhamo on one of the flotilla boats.

"We had the old car on board and all the camp kit; the bag of charcoal and two bricks, aided by which Maung Thaik used to turn me out a better dinner than I ever got in any London restaurant.

"We left the river steamer at Bhamo. Pretty place it used to be, full of ruined monasteries just held together by bougainvillæa and bitter karela. The Rest House wasn't any fuller of bats than other rest houses, and what's more, we had it to ourselves. Ourselves and a few flying foxes that hung upside down inside the veranda by day and launched themselves off at sunset. I used to think them the nastiest beasts I'd ever come across. Up to then. Till I learned better.

"I remember that night; when I'd finished dinner I pushed the lamp back a piece, and went over the route I meant taking again, and checked up on our stores for it didn't look like country in which we could do much replenishing. And I looked up and saw Maung Thaik. He was standing there, waiting for me to see him.

"'Well,' I said, a bit impatient. 'And what's biting you tonight?'

"'This country master wants to travel. No good,' said Maung Thaik. 'I think much better take China road. Plenty good village. Plenty pretty girl. Plenty nice rest house.'

"'Look here,' I said, getting annoyed, 'We've had all this out before, Thaik. I don't want to go over it all again. This is the trip I've planned and this is the trip I'm going. What's wrong with the country, anyway?'

"Maung Thaik drew a pattern on the dusty floor with his big toe and merely repeated what he had said before.

"'If you mean the tribes aren't friendly, you know quite well we shall soon settle that. A few presents, some chocolate . . . have we ever had any trouble?'

"'Presents, I think, not much good here, sir,' Maung Thaik said, and then

ILLUSTRATED BY YATES WILSON

I thought I had got it. The Burmese are one of the most ghost- and spook-ridden peoples in this world. Every village, every forest and water tank has its Nat, Genii, or familiar. I'd lit candles to hundreds of them up and down the country just to keep folks happy.

"'Ghosts, is it?' I said. 'Well, you leave the ghosts to me. I'll settle them.'

"Just what, I wondered, was the tale going round? It couldn't be worth much. No one in the Rangoon office had had a thing to say against the trip.

"I thought it over and decided maybe it wasn't too healthy. Mango jungle and mosquitoes, and the rest of it. I'd give them both a shot and dose them with quinine, and they'd be pleased as punch.

"But I noted, even after the dosing, the pair of them were pretty glum. They loaded the car for me as usual, but when we were off there was no singing and chatter from the back seat.

"It was hot and thundery. Monsoon clouds were already piling up into mountain ranges on the horizon. In the early afternoon we began to climb.

"Now and again the sun disappeared completely, and we ran into what I'd never seen before—dense green fog patches. It was when they started that I noticed, for the first time, the smell. A strange, warm musky smell it was, that got you by the throat and made you want to spew.

"We passed our last village around midday. After that the country grew desolate. There were no buffaloes in the wallows, no cattle grazing.

"It was around sunset when we left the jungle behind. It came to a sudden end—as if someone had drawn a line there. The hill teak, the pepil, and the bamboos stopped short. Beyond, there was only cactus—great grey-green cactus, curious gnarled shapes, with fat, juicy leaves jutting out stiffly. Like a lot of scarecrows, they looked, and the sun going down and giving each one its own shadow didn't make it any better.

"And then I saw, on a hummock beyond the cactus, what looked like enormous stalagmites rising up from the ground. Thirty and forty feet they towered, some square-topped, some pointed, and I stopped the car to look at them for they reminded me of nothing so much as the skyline of New York, seen from a liner's deck, in miniature.

"It was then I looked round to see what my two boys made of it and discovered they had gone. They must have dropped off as we came up the hill track, maybe in one of those fog patches. Maybe they hadn't liked that musky smell any better than I had. I was alone.

"Well, there wasn't anything for it but to make the best of it, but I reckoned I'd tan the hides of those boys when I next saw them—for I knew well enough I would see them again. I owed them the best part of a month's pay.

"I put up the tent. I wasn't scared then. I was cursing mad with those boys for leaving me. It was almost dark, the twilight closing in quickly.

"I ate some sandwiches, opened a bottle of beer, and sat for a while in the door of my tent, very angry, before turning in.

"There was an old moon that gave all the light I needed, so I didn't light my hurricane lamp. It was too high up for mosquitoes, I reckoned.

"One thing I noticed up there was the silence. There was something unearthly in it to one accustomed to the jungle. The jungle is a noisy place, what with cicadas and nightjars, and maybe a few hyenas letting loose.

"Up here it was dead still. There wasn't a thing. After a while this silence made me feel, not exactly scared, but sort of uncomfortable. There was something—I couldn't say what—a bit uncanny in the moonlight on those curious mud formations. Like a city blacked out, they looked. Here and there an occasional firefly winking gave the impression of chinks of light showing from carefully darkened windows.

"I wasn't exactly uneasy. But I got the feeling about this time that the sooner morning came and I could get on into nicer country, the better pleased I'd be. I fastened down my tent flap more carefully than usual, cursed my two servants again for their scurvy behaviour, and fell asleep thinking out what I'd say to them when, in the morning, they came creeping back, heartily ashamed of themselves.

"I dreamed I was a boy again. I was back on the farm where I used to work in the summer holidays. One thing I'd always remembered about that farm was an oil engine they had at the back of it, in a shed. They used to saw wood up there for the fences and for the house, and I dreamed I was back there.

"I heard again that long, peculiar scream a saw makes going down a piece of wood. Sometimes sticking at the knot, then screaming on again, till the timber fell apart.

"So loud, so real, did the noise become that I woke up and sat up on my cot, trying to remember where I was.

"There wasn't a sound to be heard, and I couldn't imagine what had wakened me. I felt uncommon chilly and uncomfortable, and my forehead was wet with sweat. The first sickly yellow-grey light of a tropical dawn was filling my tent.

"I was just going to lie down again when I smelt that curious dry, musky smell we'd come on in the fog patches. And almost at once I knew there was something, or somebody there, moving kind of carefully outside the tent. And then I saw the tent wall bulge in a little, as if someone were poking at it cautiously . . . investigating. And the air was full of a curious jerking, creaky noise, like the wheels of a bullock cart make, only on a smaller scale.

"I don't mind admitting it—now I was scared. But I kept a good hold on myself. I had my gun handy. A man learns to keep a gun handy travelling in the jungle, though all I'd ever had to use it on, to date, was an odd panther and shooting for the pot. Duck and snipe for me. Stork and beefsteak bird for the boys. They like 'em large!

"I got out of bed and loaded up quick and watched the shadow I could now see, in the growing daylight, moving round the outside of the tent. Feeling to get a way in.

"And then it happened. I heard that noise again, like the saw working, and a long strip was cut right up the side of the tent opposite where I was standing. And the tent fell open.

"Just for a moment I thought I must still be sleeping and having the god-damndest nightmare that ever visited a man. For there in the opening of the torn tent stood an ant. Leastways, that was all I could figure it was . . . a giant ant, around two feet taller than me.

"Its round, flat head swivelled on a thin neck. Its body was built in two sections, and seemed to creak when it moved, as if it was made out of wood. And all down its forearms were those saws. Like from its elbows to its wrists, sharp saws that could cut anything.

"It stood there, bending a little. It seemed to be peering and listening. It waved its two arms backwards and forwards cautiously.

"Then I realized it didn't see—not the way we see. It knew where it was, and got around, by some kind of instinct.

"That musky smell was so strong it nearly choked me, and I felt if I didn't get out and get some clean air into my lungs, I wouldn't be able to think clearly any more. I was standing with my back to the tent flap, and I worked my hand round so that I opened it and got out just as the Thing reached the tent pole and barged blindly into it. It set to work on the pole with its two saws and the whole tent collapsed.

"I got out just in time. I stood, breathing heavily, aware of a curious paralysis that was creeping over me. Another minute and I wouldn't have been able to move or handle my gun. I felt as a man does when the dentist fits the thing over his mouth and he starts breathing the stuff in.

"In less time than it takes me to tell it, that tent was reduced to a tattered mass of torn-up rags. The Thing rose out of the middle of them, its head swivelling this way and that, trying to locate me. And sure enough it got where I was in a brace of shakes. It started slowly feeling its way towards me.

"Then I fired one barrel right at the middle of it. When the smoke cleared I saw I hadn't done it an atom of harm. But it stood still. It seemed to listen.

"I'd fired the other barrel before I remembered I didn't have my cartridge bag. It was somewhere buried under the ragged remains of my tent.

"The second shot did something to the Thing, though it didn't kill it. It dropped on all fours and went off towards that collection of mud erections beyond the cactus wood. As it went, it emitted a shrill warning click.

"I sat down. I was fighting hard against this creeping numbness. It was as though I was partly gassed. A little more, and I would be right out.

But, with the Thing's departure, the musk smell thinned and I felt better. I could think again, and I knew that what I had to do was get out. Get out, abandoning everything except my cartridges.

"I fell on the wrecked tent and dug there till I found my bag and my clothes. I don't think I ever dressed more quickly than I did that morning, with the sun rising beyond the cactus.

"Unpleasant memories of the ways of ants warned me I hadn't much time. I jumped into the car. Moody she often was about starting on a cold morning. I had to run the engine a while before she'd get going at all. And I prayed, as I have never prayed before, that she wouldn't let me down that morning. I hadn't the strength to crank her.

"I had had a shrewd suspicion, when I got my senses back, that the Thing had gone off to give warning and get help. And I wasn't wrong. As I sat there pressing the self-starter and trying to get the cold engine going, I saw among those hills and hummocks that had looked, in the moonlight, like a secret city, a movement and a stirring.

"Vast regiments of ants poured out, and they seemed to be arming themselves as they came. Like soldiers they were, tumbling out of barracks on a bugle call. Nothing blind or haphazard about their movements.

"They formed themselves into platoons and companies. They split up into two parties, as though on a word of command. One moved to get behind me and attack from the rear—the others started towards the road to cut me off.

"The whole air was full now of that jerky, creaking sound and suffocating with the musk smell. The fumes crept towards me from the front as well as the rear as the horrible hordes closed in on me. I knew if the car didn't start next try I was a goner all right. The old paralysis was creeping over me. Three minutes more and I wouldn't have strength to press the starter.

"And, God bless her, she went.

WITH MY FEET UP

by IAN FOX

Isn't Science Wonderful?

MY PAPER TELLS ME that a Mr. Peschardt has invented a process for making cherries for cake baking out of seaweed. Why seaweed, I wonder? Surely there are much more likely things from which to make artificial cherries? Plastic, for instance.

But no, Mr. Peschardt insists on seaweed.

Ever since the old alchemists spent their lives turning base metals into gold, people with an inventive turn of mind seem to have been trying to make one thing into another.

It was reported that the Germans had a process by which they made butter from coal. No doubt Mr. Strachey would like to do the same if it weren't for Mr. Shinwell.

I thought it would be interesting to hear about such inventions from Professor Weed, the eminent scientist who invented a tap that wouldn't drip (it was not connected to the main). So I went to see him in his laboratory.

★ ★ ★

"Seaweed into cherries?" exclaimed the professor. "He's got it the wrong way round. What he wants is the process which I have just invented for turning fruit into seaweed. All those peaches you see about—they could all be turned into seaweed."

"What good would that be?"

"Then you could extract iodine from the seaweed. Enormous contribution to the war effort."

"But the war's over, professor."

"Not that one, stupid. The next war. The one they're preparing for with atom bombs, jet planes, and so on. Did I tell you I've flown faster than sound?"

"No! Have you?"

"Certainly! Couldn't hear my hand before my face. And the slip-stream didn't catch up with me until two days later. That's the Weed Super-jet Wingless Wonder."

★ ★ ★

"What else are you working on?"

"Benefiting suffering humanity as usual," he said. "I've just invented a process for making beer out of old boots."

"But aren't old boots scarcer than beer?"

"Ah, that was my trouble at first. But I invented a process for turning new boots into old ones."

"But how did you get the new boots."

"Easy, my boy. I invented a process for printing clothing coupons."

A voice sounded behind us. There were three men standing there. "Excuse me, sir," said one. "I'm from the Excise Department, this gentleman is from the Board of Trade, and this one is from the forgery branch of Scotland Yard. It'll save a lot of trouble if you come quietly, sir."

Started with a jerk and a roar she did. Her wheels didn't get a real grip at first, revolving in the loose sand and stones, but threw up a cloud in the face of the Things bearing down on me. And it seemed as if that was the one thing that scared and mystified them. They stopped and broke in disorder, and the companies and platoons that were moving to cut me off broke ranks and went to their aid.

"Sweat was pouring off me. I rammed the accelerator down and we started to move at last. I drove down that track, the way I'd come up, as if the devil himself were after me.

"Five miles on I blew a tyre, but I wasn't going to stop. I drove along on the rim, bumping through the musk-scented fog patches, not caring what happened to the car as long as I got away, back to the kindly green of bamboo and hill teak and pepil.

"The two boys were waiting for me at the foot of the hills. Was I glad to see them! It wasn't till I tried to tell them, tried to get out, that I realized I couldn't move or speak. Clamped on to the wheel I was, like a piece of machinery fixed with nuts. Stiff from head to foot. Jaws fastened as if they'd been nailed together.

"They took me to the Rest House where we'd spent that last night. I could see their mouths working as they shook their heads mournfully over me. But not one word could I hear. My hearing was paralysed too. All I had left was the use of my eyes.

"Those two boys got to work on me then with Burmese medicines. Maybe native medicines aren't much use for our civilized diseases, but I don't believe anything else would have saved me that time. I lay for ten days while they massaged me, and dosed me and built fires round me and put hot bricks on top of me till I sweated myself weak as a kid. But little by little I got some feeling back into my limbs and presently I could hear what they said and talk to them again. Only this arm of mine stayed like you see it now.

"'That was not a good country,' said Maung Thaik. 'Better, I think, master taken China road.'

"'I'll say it would have been better,' I assented.

"I've wondered since whether those vast erections I'd seen, like skyscrapers in miniature, held the bones and remains of those who did not return. Sawn up, most probably. Hanging on hooks, as though in some giant larder.

"When I was well enough to move they took me down to Bhamo, to the hospital. White faces . . . doctors in clean coats . . . all the things I'd never hoped to see again. I remember telling them about those stalagmites and the musk smell of its horrid inhabitants and how folks ought to be warned.

"It wasn't any use. They thought I was raving. You go home, they told me, and try to forget all about it.

"So I came home, and when the specialist had a look at me, he asked if I'd been bitten by a snake.

"The company wanted me back. I could have had a seat in the head office and a fat screw and expense account. But I never want to see the tropics again. All I want is to forget the whole thing, and mostly I can. Only sometimes I get that nightmare and I'm in the car again, not knowing if she will start, and I smell that musky smell again. . . ."

He shivered, and passed a hand over his twitching face.

"You don't have to believe me," he said. "I know what I know. I could have died a rich man, but I'm staying home. Going to open a little window-cleaning business. This is my card. Maybe if you could recommend me to anyone. The next is on me. Four beers."

FROM A PROUD YOUNG FATHER . . .

comes this indictment of the birth control touts who solicit custom from parents. Family planning, he says, is too serious for such catch-penny methods

by JAMES ARKWRIGHT

Last week my wife had a baby. It was our first, a boy. We have been married for nearly ten years, had almost given up hope of having a child, and were so pleased and proud when everything went off successfully that we wanted to shout our news from the chimney-tops.

We didn't do quite that, but we did put an announcement in the local newspaper and in one of the London dailies, and then we sat back and waited for the congratulations.

We are happy in the possession of many friends who knew how ardently we had longed for a child and we were overwhelmed by their good wishes. Telegrams flowed in, flowers were delivered at the nursing home, baby clothes, toys and rattles crowded our little sitting-room.

The neighbours showed a keen interest in weights and progress and the morning post was heavier than I had ever known it before.

With what pleasure my wife and I read those letters! They were mostly simple expressions of affection and congratulation, couched in homely, intimate terms and written, for the main part, by people who had known us ever since our courtship days. They recognized that this was the supreme moment for which we had been waiting for ten years and, because most of them had known the joys of parenthood, they were glad it had come to us after so long.

But there were two letters which differed indeed. After the warmth of well-loved handwriting, their type-script was cold and unfriendly.

These letters came from the manufacturers of birth-control appliances. They solicited our future custom. In effect, they said: "You have made a mistake which could have been avoided if you had used our wares."

I experienced a considerable shock on reading them. And then anger flooded through me at what seemed to be nothing less than an insult to my wife and myself.

They were, it seemed to me, denying my wife her wish for motherhood. They were imputing that I had unwillingly fathered my son and had now burdened myself with an unwelcome responsibility.

Later, I realized that every single birth announcement made in the newspapers results in such a letter being sent to the parents. It is nothing but advertising and canvassing. But it is canvassing of the crudest order.

Not a Mistake

I do not deny that there are people who benefit by such circulars, but ninety-nine per cent of those who receive them do not seek any advice on contraception. To them, a baby is the fulfilment of an ambition; conceived deliberately, waited for patiently, and delivered with gladness and gratitude.

Do they realize, these postal pedlars, that their action is like a premeditated slap in the face to countless young couples who have just discovered the meaning and purpose of living?

Can they not understand that such tactics must inevitably do their trade far more harm than good?

I do not decry birth control. Whether one should resort to it or not is a matter of religion and personal conscience. I share the opinion of many that a well-planned and well-spaced family is a social necessity. I believe that contraception, properly taught to an enlightened citizen, can eliminate much of the misery of excessive child-bearing and its attendant evils of poverty and ill-health.

But I do not expect to learn this lesson through the medium of an advertising circular, popped in my letter box within ten days of the birth of my baby son.

If I require advice on this subject, I shall go to some reputable organization, such as the Marriage Guidance Council or the Family Planning Association, run by disinterested and qualified persons for the benefit of the community and not for profit.

These organizations are doing a great and splendid job. They are killing the old hoodoos and superstitions of sex and, by lucid, factual explanation, they are cleansing the whole subject of much of the "dirty joke" atmosphere which once pervaded it.

The touts who nose their way through the birth announcements and pester happy parents with their literature are, in my opinion, doing the whole cause of family planning a great harm.

Trading on Sex

They are reducing it to the level of the low-grade shops, where contraceptives are displayed among semi-pornographic works on flagellation and the salacious stories of the Decameron; or of the back streets where contraceptives may be obtained from slot machines.

And no one can tell me that you can get family planning from a slot machine.

This sort of thing really shouldn't have any part in the social order we are endeavouring to create out of the ruins of the old world.

Is it too much to ask that this whole matter of enlightened contraception be put under the direction of the Ministry of Health?

The Marriage Guidance Council and the Family Planning Association were launched by men and women of fine character and a deep sense of the responsibility of their mission. There can be no doubt that many couples owe the success of their lives together, and the happiness and health of their children, to these people.

But their work, widespread as it already is, could be given greater scope and authority if it had full official backing.

Britain has a health plan which looks after its citizens from the cradle to the grave, but even that is not enough. The plan should start *before* the cradle and before marriage. It should start with elementary sex instruction in schools and go on to free advice to engaged couples on the implication of the sex act, conception and contraception.

The fact that this advice can already be obtained from the voluntary organizations is beside the point. That fact is not widely known, anyway. And the whole question arises out of something that should be an integral part of our health and social services.

This, then, is the way in which we can wipe out the stigma of dirt which still attaches itself to birth control:

Make the legitimate spread of contraceptive knowledge the responsibility of the Ministry of Health.

Put the sale of contraceptives into the hands of the clinics and recognized chemists, thus closing down on the activities of the shadier type of shops and outlawing the slot machines.

Forbid the circulation of birth-control literature except by authorized bodies, thus foiling the touts who grub through the birth announcements.

End Commercialization

Control the manufacture of contraceptives by licensing the factories and appointing inspectors to see that their wares conform with standards and regulations laid down by the health authorities in consultation with social and medical experts.

It is recognized that the strong and prosperous Britain of tomorrow can only be brought about by co-ordinated planning. It is essential, too, that the people of the new Britain be physically and mentally fit. And you cannot ensure that by haphazard and unenlightened procreation or by unsolicited advice from persons who are only concerned with increasing their profits.

Let us give the job to men and women who really understand it and who will undertake it purely for the good of this and future generations.

With them in charge, we shall see the end of a disgraceful commercialization which thrives on back-street immorality and the embarrassment of young parents.

Every child is beautiful. And every child has the right to be conceived, born and brought up under conditions that will give it the best possible chance out of life.

It is, at any rate, with sincere indignation that one proud father commends this point of view to the Minister of Health.

Free Speech

LETTERS intended for this page should be marked "Free Speech." One Guinea will be paid as an acknowledgment for every reader's letter or extract published. Full name and address must be given (though not necessarily for publication). Please keep letters brief.

FINISHED AT FORTY?

IN VIEW OF THE SHORTAGE of workers, one is nonplussed by the wastage of the large body of able men over forty. Since my release from the Services last October, I have applied to eighty-seven commercial firms for a job. In most cases my application has been ignored; in the remainder, the replies plainly infer that I am too old to be considered.

The Government does not help, because so many of their posts are for men well below a forty age limit. And they will not give me Government training in any occupation which would be of use to myself and to the country. Yet my name does not appear on the lists of officially unemployed because I have never drawn unemployment benefit.

A year ago I was considered intelligent enough to be sent to the United States on various Service missions and for three years I held an R.A.F. administrative post. Now a grateful country seems to have no further use for my services.

I am enclosing my full name and address but sign myself—DISILLUSIONED, Stanmore, Middlesex.

Appetite Bureau

RECENTLY I VISITED a works canteen where everybody queued for meals. As they reached the service hatch customers were asked if they were big, average or small eaters, and were served accordingly. This struck me as a really sensible way of avoiding waste.—D. G., Sutton, Surrey. (Name and address enclosed.)

Possessive Parents

THOUGH I AM THIRTY-ONE, my parents will not go to bed at night until I am safely "tucked up." All the friends of my own choosing are suspected of having influence over me, and everything and everybody outside my own small circle is supposed to make up the big, evil world from which girls like me should be protected.

Under such conditions I am in a constant state of mental rebellion and find it hard to look in a kindly way on my parents.

Such possessive "love" was fashionable last century. Will it always persist, I wonder?—MISS C., Birmingham. (Name and address enclosed.)

Kept Down

IN THE SUMMER OF 1944, I left college as a fully-qualified teacher. Soon afterwards I was balloted for service in the mines. Recently I applied for release to return to my own profession.

The colliery management said I could go, but the Local Appeal Board has turned down my application. Although teachers are so badly needed, and although I have been made aware that my usefulness in the mines is over, I am still retained. — BEVIN BOY, Mexborough, Yorks. (Name and address enclosed.)

Self-contained

BECAUSE I HAVE WHAT is known as a "contented expression," certain acquaintances seem to think I am prosperous. They always make out that they are worse off than I am.

I do not want to know their incomes. But if they really knew how little mine is their eyes would open in surprise. Why don't they cultivate contented expressions? They have health. *I* have not.—ONE HUNDRED PER CENT DISABLED, Hanley, Stoke-on-Trent. (Name and address enclosed.)

Keeping His Tail Up

MY OLD HORSE, who had served me faithfully for many years, was failing, and I reluctantly decided that he

"New lease of life"

would have to be shot. He could not chew his hay or grind his oats any longer.

One day I went out to the stall where he had been put between two younger horses. A strange sight met my eyes. The two younger horses were taking turns at pulling hay out of the rack. They chewed it and put it before their old companion. This has gone on, and old Dobbin has had a new lease of life.—V. ELSWORTH, Malthouse Farm, Hazelbury Bryan, Dorset.

The Way to Go Home

YOUR CONTRIBUTOR, in his article on homing pigeons, says: "What is this mysterious instinct that guides pigeons over strange lands and oceans? . . . Nobody knows for certain."

The course of direction originates from special radiations of ultra-short wavelength emitted by the birds themselves. Provided that a pigeon is not released in the proximity of a *working* radio transmitting station, it will fly in a straight line to its home. This has been proved by authorities during the war, as well as by investigators in Spain and Germany.—A. F. WILSON-GUNN, M.B., C.M., "Pendarren," Wadebridge, Cornwall.

Landlady's Full Marks

MAY I DO SOMETHING UNUSUAL and write in praise of a seaside landlady? We have recently returned from a very happy holiday at Bournemouth, where the landlady (a stranger to us) gave us plenty to eat, did not overcharge, and even lit a coal fire for us on two wet mornings.—MRS. DOROTHY SIMON, Homefield Road, Old Coulsdon, Surrey.

Good Taste

WOMEN, IT SEEMS TO ME, have much less discrimination than men where food is concerned. From her early days, when a tasteless bun and a cup of tea are enough for lunch, a woman develops a strange apathy towards meals.

What's the reason? In my opinion, shortage of cash for eating out and boredom with cooking at home later on. Whatever the reason, I maintain that the average woman is pretty tasteless.—R. FLETCHER, Bromley, Kent.

Down Under and Back Over

THE OTHER DAY I received a food parcel from my sister in New Zealand. It contained, among other things, a large tin of sweets—made in Glasgow.—P. ALLEN, 15 Norman Road, Westgate-on-Sea, Kent.

"Duty" War Crimes

I AM A LAWYER and for ten years represented the Penrith Division of Cumberland in Parliament. I may be considered, therefore, to have both knowledge of law and fair practice and respect for them. And I have been gravely disturbed by the whole procedure at the War Crimes tribunal.

The seriousness of Nuremberg lies in the example it sets up. To create a court, based on no precedents, to try civilians is bad enough. But to create such a court to try professional soldiers, sailors and airmen is something which future generations are bound to resent. For the first time in history we are assenting to the punishment of officers of a vanquished country, whose main crime was that they did their duty in carrying out their country's orders. It is a grave step.—A. C. N. DIXEY, Great Castle Street, London, W.1.

Mr. Justice Jackson, Chief Prosecutor for the United States at Nuremberg, pointed out that, while there was no judicial precedent for the Charter by which the defendants were tried, International Law, on which the Charter was based, grew, as did Common Law, through decisions reached from time to time in adapting settled principles to new situations. He further said: "The Charter recognizes that one who has committed criminal acts may not take refuge in superior orders nor in the doctrine that his crimes were acts of State."

Charity at Home

PLACED AT THE FRONT GATE of a house I know has been a basket filled with apples. A notice said: "Will under-fives and over-seventies help themselves to not more than five apples each?"

The basket was kept filled every day

"Under fives and over-seventies"

for a week. What a marvellous example in these days of shortage.—MALCOLM SIMMONS, 939 Finchley Road, Golders Green, London, N.W.11.

Girl Friend v. Cigarettes

LIKE YOUR READER, I also gave up smoking three months ago, after being used to between twenty and thirty cigarettes a day. I could not afford both a girl friend and cigarettes. Unlike your reader, however, I no longer puff after chasing tramcars and my temper is as sweet as ever.

When offered a cigarette, my tactics differ from those of your correspondent. I freely admit that I have given up smoking and the signs of envy from my friends make my chest swell several inches and I feel the sacrifice well worth while.

P.S.—Just recently I got a job in a tobacco factory.—L. JESSOP, Wavertee, Liverpool, 15.

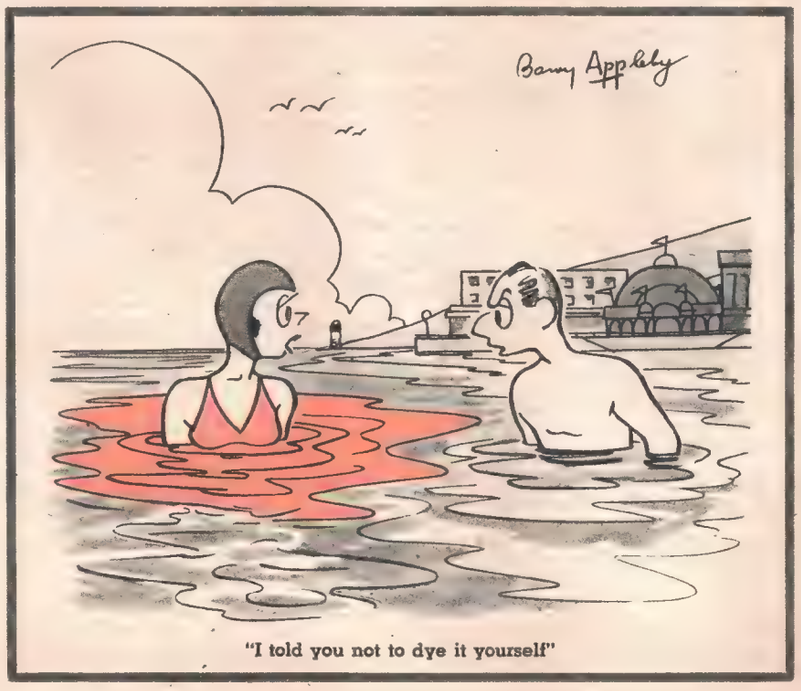
Useful in School

HERE IS A NEW USE for JOHN BULL. Your covers are full of incident and interest, and I sometimes give one to my pupils and get them to write a description of the picture in French. The recent picture of the boy who had caught all the fish while the man had none was perfect from this point of view.—JOHN BROGAN, 51 Jesmond Avenue, Toller Lane, Bradford, Yorks.

Footsore

I FAIL TO SEE ANYTHING BEAUTIFUL about feet—human feet. Through a few small straps, honoured by the name of sandals, one nowadays sees corns, bunions and misshapen toenails.

The leather shortage may still be acute but the last stage of desperation has surely been reached when women are reduced to deluding themselves that such things are even remotely related to beauty.—H. J., Nechells, Birmingham. (Name and address enclosed.)



"I told you not to dye it yourself"

A lesson in geography is screened at the Deanery Senior School, Southampton —with "sound effects" by the headmaster

SCREEN SCHOOLMA'AM

Visual education is developing as British teaching technique faces its greatest revolution. Soon all our schools will be using films

by RALPH DENTON

"NOW, PUT YOUR BOOKS AWAY and look at the screen. (Draw the curtains over the windows, please.) I want you all to pay attention to this film of a farming family in the time of Elizabeth.

"You remember we are going to learn about the breakdown of the old English manorial system this term. Well, this film will show you how people really lived in the country districts in the sixteenth century. It is the first of a series of eight that we are going to show in class."

It is a teacher speaking. A teacher in a secondary school somewhere in England. She is using the newest and most effective method: teaching by film.

And where is this school?

Today that is a difficult question to answer. Soon, it is hoped, the answer will be: "Why, any and every school in the country, of course."

It has been a long time coming.

Day after day, newspapers carry accounts of the bad effects of films on the young people of this country. A youth, accused of murder, claims that he was influenced by a picture he saw at the local cinema. A boy is said to be out of control and modelling his life on that of screen gangsters.

On the weak and impressionable the cinema can have grievously harmful effects.

Films Saved Lives

Yet films saved thousands of lives during the war. Soldiers were taken to film shows as part of their training.

Films taught them not merely how to handle their rifles and smarten their drill; they taught them how to deal with booby-traps, how to patrol enemy territory in safety, how to kill the other man and remain alive themselves.

The lessons which could not be fully learned in lectures, exercises and mock battles were brought home vividly and realistically by means of the cinema. The Army learned the educational value of the film.

It is strange, and a sad reflection on the attitude of educational authorities in the past, that the first real attempt to make use of the educative power of films should have been in training men for war, instead of children for peace.

There have been exceptions. Scotland, as is so often the case, is far in advance of England and Wales in using films as an aid to teaching.

As long ago as 1930, teachers in Scotland were independently making their own films to stimulate the interest of their pupils and drive home in an easier and more effective form the lessons of the textbooks.

The Scottish Educational Film Association, founded in 1931 as an amalgamation of two existing societies, has now a membership of 8,000 teachers, each paying an annual subscription of 2s. 6d. a year. It has the full support of the Scottish Education Department.

In England and Wales there have been isolated societies of teachers who have attempted to make their own films and circulate them amongst their own schools—societies on Merseyside, Tyneside and in London among others. There has been excellent pioneering work done by G. Patrick Meredith, lecturer in Education at Exeter University.

But not until now has any attempt been made to organize these activities or to give them adequate assistance from the Ministry of Education.

The last figures available are those for 1943, and since then the situation has deteriorated because of the difficulty of replacing equipment. At that time there were approximately 3,000 schools in Scotland equipped with 600 film projectors among them.

In the 19,500 schools of England and Wales there were only 1,280 projectors. A percentage of 6.3 in England and Wales against 20 per cent in Scotland.

Now the Ministry of Education has decided to take a hand, to organize the making and showing of educational films. On May 20 Miss Ellen Wilkinson presided at a preliminary conference which will lead, eventually, to films becoming a commonplace in the curriculum of every school.

Details are now being worked out. The Ministry has not yet announced its plan of campaign, but I can state that it will probably follow these lines:

A Council of Visual Education will be formed. The Council will have an executive committee, nominated by the Ministry, which will control expenditure and act on the recommendations of the Advisory Committee.

The advisory committee, composed of teachers and representatives of the local education authorities, will plan the subjects of films, recommend methods of treatment, and conduct research.

The Council will buy films from commercial companies who will make them specifically for showing in schools, on 16-mm. film. Regional libraries will be set up, from which schools may borrow them.

Typical of the men who are already making films for schools is David Welsh, of British Instructional Films. Mr. Welsh was himself a teacher in Scotland.

In common with other Scottish teachers, he believed that films were a great educational medium. Since he couldn't get any for use in his own classes, he made them himself.

There were no studio facilities for Welsh and his fellow teachers. The sub-titling, animation and cutting were all done by these enthusiastic amateurs. Only for the actual developing and printing of the films did they call in professional assistance.

Now, after thirteen years of both teaching and film making, Welsh has joined the company which made the famous *Secrets of Nature* series years ago. Soon he will have fifty films ready for showing in schools.

They are short. The *Secrets of Nature* films, Welsh points out, were magnificent pieces of work—but not what teachers required. They ran for fifteen or twenty minutes, and were consequently too long for the normal school period.

Special Lengths Required

A teacher with three-quarters of an hour at his disposal must split his lesson into six parts: (a) a general introduction of the subject; (b) questioning of the class to find out how much they know about the subject already; (c) the showing of the film; (d) a discussion with the class to find out how much of the film has sunk in; (e) a second showing of the film to bring out points which were missed the first time; (f) a recapitulation of what has been learnt.

So the film itself should run for not more than ten or twelve minutes. Anything longer than that prevents the lesson being driven home by the teacher.

Some films are not nearly ten minutes long. To show the working of a piston and cylinder, for instance, all that would be needed would be a few feet of film joined into a continuous belt. It would be bought outright by the school for a few shillings and become a permanent part of the apparatus of the science department, along with many other similar "loop" films.

Others, also quite short, are "illustration" films, bringing to life the flat illustrations in the textbooks —showing, for instance, a medieval knight moving in his natural setting and looking like a man instead of a queer collection of armour on a printed page.

The lesson films proper will be made in series; four separate reels devoted to the manufacture of iron and steel, for example, or two reels on the working of the petrol engine. The teacher, instead of "turning to page twelve," will "run through reel three."

Finally there are the documentary films on general subjects, such as life in the tropics or the imaginary film of Elizabethan country life with which we started. These, though too wide in their scope to be assimilated in a single lesson, will provide children with a background against which to set the knowledge which the other lessons bring them.

—But Teachers Will "Talk"

Most of the films will be silent, for teachers have already discovered that children do not readily learn by both eye and ear together.

Teachers wish, too, to be able to suit their own commentary to the needs of their pupils, whom they understand better than any commentator working in a film studio could do.

The films will be shown in the ordinary classroom, the film projector becoming ultimately as commonplace a piece of educational apparatus as a blackboard or a wall-map.

Children will be brought up on films from the moment they enter the school (when they will recite the rhymes they are learning in time with the cartoon nursery story that is being shown on the screen) until they leave the university.

Those are the plans for the greatest revolution in technique that British education has seen. As soon as the Ministry of Education is able to organize the steady flow of films and projectors, film learning will be part of every child's education.

His Golden Harvest

Whispering behind the Conference scenes can mean danger. But that "whispering" of corn-stalks, as they sway in the wind—*that's* the kind which brings hope, not fear, to hungry millions.

By putting that fact in *Bullets* form, a Kentish reader has reaped a £300 harvest for himself. He is Mr. A. Inman, 54 Whitstable Road, Canterbury, entrant of the neat First Prize effort, GOLDEN HARVEST — "WHISPERING," *ALLAYING* WORLD'S FEARS.

Think out some apt comments yourself this evening, enter them on the coupon on this page and you can win a £20 Radio as well as a £300 cheque.

CHIEF WINNERS—"BULLETS" 1,543

FIRST PRIZE, £300:

J. W. Booth, 55 Grosvenor Crescent, Louth:
All For Russia—"All For Russia!" Altered.

SECOND PRIZE, £25: J. W. Connor, 37 Rowan Street, Leicester: **Montgomery's Object—*Thinking*, Not "*Blinking* Machine!"** THIRD PRIZE, £10: F. Barber, "Sundon," Carlton-in-Lindrick, near Worksop: **Britannia's Problem—"Second Wind" Without "Inflation."** FOURTH PRIZE, £9: H. Aitken, 67 Brighton Street, Heckmondwike: **The Road Ahead—Wonderful—Old Shoe Behind!** FIFTH PRIZE, £8: J. Rawlings, 194 London Road, Twickenham: **Stopped The Racing—Squatter In Trap One!** SIXTH PRIZE, £7: Capt. T. Prentice, Elmleigh, Harlestone Road, Northampton: **Grandpa's A Sport, So—"Turns Out" For "Visitors."** SEVENTH PRIZE, £6: E. A. Fryer, 114 Argyll Avenue, Luton: **It's Time That—"Please Supply"—Pleased Suppliers.**

6 WINNERS OF £5: Mrs. I. Abbott, 20 Bachefield Avenue, Huntington, Chester: **Free Speech—Until Somebody Criticized Newspapers!** Mrs. S. L. Douglas, 19 Wellington Square, Nottingham: **Not To Blame—"Maker"—It's We "Travellers."** W. J. Griffiths, 73 Ellerton Road, Wandsworth Common, S.W.18: **It's Time That—"East's East, West's—"** *Went!* C. V. Hill, 30 Brumby Wood Lane, Scunthorpe: **"House to Let"—*Applicants* "Hot And Cold"!** E. Jones, 150 Clifton Road, Darlington: **The Road Ahead—"Mined," Until Minds Cleared.** Mrs. M. Simpson, 5 Pollard Road, Braunstone, Leicester: **Lying Low—*Until* Nations Suspicious, Mars!**

12 prizes of £2 10s., 25 of £2, 50 of £1 10s., 100 of £1 and 1,500 "Good Shot" prizes have been posted to winners.

"Bullets" RADIO CAMPAIGN in Full Swing!

Prizes value over £650 are offered in *Bullets* Radio Campaign; each chief winner will be invited to choose own radio, value up to £20, as detailed in *Bullets Bulletin*.

First Prize, £300 plus Radio; Second, £50 plus Radio; Third, £25 plus Radio; 10 Radio Prizes each value £20; 50 of £1; 1,500 "Good Shot" Prizes, each with £20 opportunity. Prizes posted Wednesday, October 9.

To Win In "Bullets."

To make a *Bullet*, add simply TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment to any of the *Examples* below. To use an incomplete *Example*, first complete it with any one word in place of dotted line—then make your *Bullet* as usual.

This week's prize efforts show some winning styles; for further help, enclose *Bulletin* label below with your entry.

Add Two, Three or Four Words to any of these "Examples"

ON BRITAIN'S MENU
KEY TO THE DOOR
DOCTOR UNO
HARD AT WORK
MY TOBACCONIST
HOME LIFE
IN THE DANGER ZONE
DISPLACED PERSON
TO SAVE COAL
HUMAN MACHINE
FASTER AND FASTER
ALMOST A MIRACLE
WISE TEACHER
START AT ONCE AND INSULTING

GROSSLY EXAGGERATED
OUR RADIO
TO GRANDPA'S DISGUST
BLOWN SKY-HIGH
DAD HAD A DAY OFF, SO

Incomplete "Examples" See Instructions

MAKES THINGS.....
SOMETHING IN.....
NO TIME FOR.....
SOUNDS.....
WOULDN'T SURPRISE.....
BECAUSE HE CAN'T.....

ADDRESS ENTRY

"BULLETS" 1,547 (or XWORD 499); "JOHN BULL," LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2 (COMP.)

STICK 2½d. STAMP here and address this label if you want the help of *Bulletin* and *Gazette* dated Oct. 5 SPECIAL "BULLETS" BIRTHDAY ISSUE

360. BULLETIN AND GAZETTE. 5-10-46

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EXAMPLE

BULLET

EXAMPLE

BULLET

EXAMPLE

BULLET

EXAMPLE

BULLET

1,547 Closing Postmark, MON., SEPT. 23

I agree to rules and enclose

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Address .....

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RULES

1. First Prize to best *Bullet* received, others in order of merit—the test is of cleverness, aptness and originality.
2. Editor undertakes that all *Bullets* received shall be accorded careful consideration by competent Adjudicators.
3. As entry-fee, enclose P.O. or stamps value 1s. for four *Bullets*, or value 6d. to cover two *Bullets*. Plain paper entries are allowed. If using P.O. make payable to *John Bull*, cross / & Co. /, write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. Forces half-rate for *Bullets* and Crosswords if coupons personally completed and Service rank indicated.
4. Entries accepted only on condition that results of this week's Contests in *John Bull* dated October 12, also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding.

XWORD 495 RESULT

WINNING WORDS. ACROSS: 1, Lunch. 5, Fable or Table. 7, Sage. 9, Best. 12, Larder. 14, Calk or Talk. 15, Holly. DOWN: 2, Crust. 3, Raked. 4, Blood. 6, Rubble. 8, Wax. 10, Axe. 11, Tear. 13, Shy.

£100 AND RADIO OUTRIGHT WINNER: T. E. RING, 74, Sturton Road, Sheffield.

Runners-up Award (value £25) shared between 13 entrants. Winner and Runners-up receive Fountain-pens in addition.

XWORD CASH AND PENS

Up to 50 Fountain-pens for Crosswords. They're added to all prizes value 10s. and over in this week's offer of Cash and Pens—£100 First and Awards value £25 between Runners-up. Radio for Outright Winner.

Post Square by Monday, Sept. 23, then look out for next week's huge 500th Xword Offer!

Across Clues

1. Some spectators aren't in position to judge these at cricket match
4. War explains its absence in some places today
7. It's wise to catch one if it looks like running loose
8. Bishop is fortified by
10. It's useful to have special one if you've a dirty job to do
13. Is related to a particular garden
15. These burn readily

Down Clues

2. Can mean a blemish
3. What night-watchman does when on duty
5. Rocky ones constitute certain amount of danger
6. Tone of this is often of importance
9. Is used when grinding is to be done
11. To keep bad time will reduce value of even first-class one
12. Amateur artist would probably make a mess of painting in these
14. Makes debate more effective

1	I	D	E	S	■	2	■	3	■	
■	D	I	N	■	4	R	E	A	D	
5 S	L	■	A	6 S	■	A	V	R	O	
7 H	E	■	■	■	■	C	A	N	■	
■	■	■	8	O	O	K	■	S	9 M	
10 R	■	G	■	P	S	■	11	■	■	
E	■	T	12 O	■	■	13	A	L	L	
S	E	■	■	■	14	■	N	I	L	
■	R	A	L	L	I	E	D	■	E	
15	A	R	S	■	T	A	499		R	

How To Enter This Coupon.

Complete Square in INK, giving your Answers to Clues above. Winner—sender of most meritorious set of Answers received—decided by Adjudication Committee on basis of aptness and accuracy. Ties divide. Entry constitutes agreement to Rules.

Entry-fee for this one Square (plus extra set of Answers on plain paper) is 6d. P.O. or stamps; if sending only Square with 6d., address and enclose *Gazette* Label on left WITHOUT affixing stamp.

I enclose 6d. P.O.

Closing Postmark, MON., SEPT. 23 **499**

No.....

Signed.....

Address.....

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WRITE TO JOHN BULL ABOUT IT

Our team of experts will solve your queries (except medical) if you send them to the JOHN BULL Free Advice Service, 186 High Holborn, London, W.C.1. Personal problems should be sent to "Humanist" at the same address. Stamp for reply, please

Rent to Tax Collector

"For thirty-six years I have lived in my present house and have always paid my rent to the landlord. I have just received a notice from the Collector of Taxes asking me to forward my rent to him instead. Can the landlord also claim the rent?"

JB If the landlord has not paid the tax, the Excise Authority may recover from the occupier. The receipts you will receive will be valid for your rent book and can be affixed therein. When the tax is fully paid you will continue paying to the landlord as before.

Farm Tenancy

"The tenancy of this farm is held by me on a four years' lease which will shortly expire. The owner tells me that he proposes to sell the property and cannot therefore offer me a renewal of the lease. Can the owner increase my rent as an alternative to terminating the lease?"

JB When your lease expires your tenancy automatically comes to an end. There is no need for the owner to give you notice. If you are allowed to hold over as a yearly tenant, the owner can raise the rent if he wishes.

Wife's Estate

"A man and his wife have been living apart for many years and the man has been paying maintenance. The wife has inherited legacies from which she has been able to provide a home for herself and her son. Recently, however, the wife has had to go to a mental hospital. Is the husband solely responsible for her maintenance? Can he legally take possession of her home and sell any of her goods to pay expenses? Can he draw on her banking account?"

JB The husband may apply to court for an order appointing him administrator and trustee of his wife's estate. If this is granted he may administer the estate for her maintenance, but not for his own benefit.

Insurance Stamps

"Should my employer omit stamping my Insurance and Unemployment cards when I am on my annual leave? This is what has happened to me (and many other employees) this year."

JB If you receive wages for the period of annual leave, it is the employer's duty to stamp the National Insurance cards.

Ploughing Business

"I am a farm tractor driver, aged nineteen, and want to start a business of ploughing and cultivating for myself. I have a tractor and plough. What is my position with regard to release?"

JB You have, no doubt, been granted deferment from call-up for H.M. Forces in view of your present employment and must, therefore, consult the local Employment Exchange before you enter other employment. If your present employment is scheduled under the Essential Works Order, you cannot leave without permission from the National Service Officer.

Death Duties

"Here are three questions: (*a*) What portion of the estate of a person who died in 1945 is free from death duties? (*b*) When a man and wife hold a joint account in the Post Office Savings Bank, is any portion subject to death duties on the death of either? (*c*) If death duties are payable, what is the rate of payment?"

JB Prior to April 10, 1946, the estate duty was as follows: Up to £100, free of duty; up to £300, 30s.; up to £500, 50s. Between £500 and £1,000, 2 per cent; between £1,000 and £5,000, 3 per cent. Half-duty will be payable on all estate held jointly.

Re-marriage

"My husband left me ten years ago and I have never seen or heard of him since. Now I wish to marry again. Can I do so?"

JB You may apply to court for an order to presume your husband's death. You cannot re-marry without either getting such an order or obtaining a divorce for desertion. You will need the services of a solicitor.

Housekeeper Allowance

"My niece does all my household work as I am a widower, but she does not sleep in. Can I claim income tax allowance for a housekeeper? She has no other source of income."

JB Although your niece is acting as your housekeeper, you cannot claim housekeeper's allowance unless she sleeps in the house.

House Sale

"I have a house on which I still owe the Building Society about £400. I have been offered £1,000 for it, but have been told that, if I sell, the income tax authorities will claim half the profit. Is this so?"

JB Any profit you make on selling your house will be considered "capital profit" and will not be liable to income tax unless you are a builder or otherwise professionally interested in the sale of houses.

"MASTERPIECE OF ORGANIZATION"

is how Mr. A. J. Chater of Rochester describes our methods in acknowledging cheque from JOHN BULL's Free Insurance when his home was burgled.

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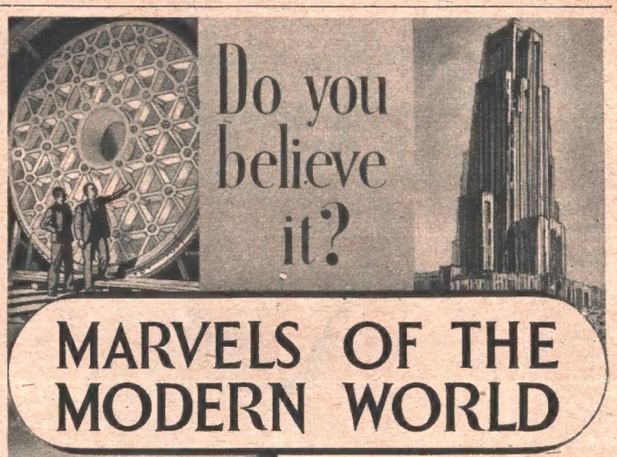

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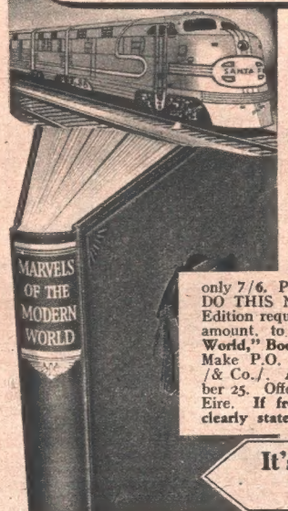
MARVELS OF THE MODERN WORLD



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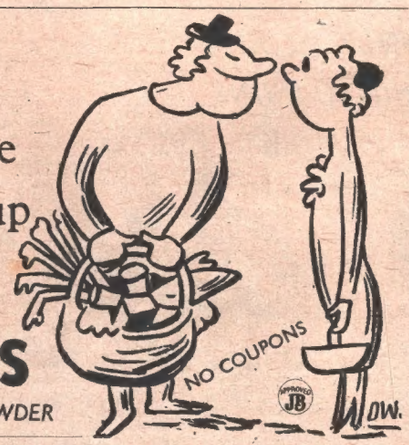

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C.R.C.I

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BRINGS BACK to darkened blonde hair the rich, golden beauty of childhood.

PREVENTS light hair from darkening with age.

Contains no dyes or injurious bleaches

THE BLONDE'S OWN SHAMPOO

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260

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the paint brush with a name to its handle

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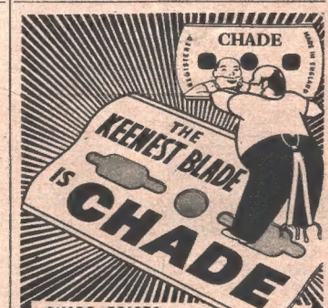

CHADE PRICES INCLUDING TAX

LONG EDGE (slotted — fits 3-peg razors)	2D
SLOTTED DE LUXE	2½D
THIN DE LUXE (3-HOLE)	2½D
STAINLESS (3-HOLE)	3¼D

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POLYGON . . .

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GUINNESS GONE

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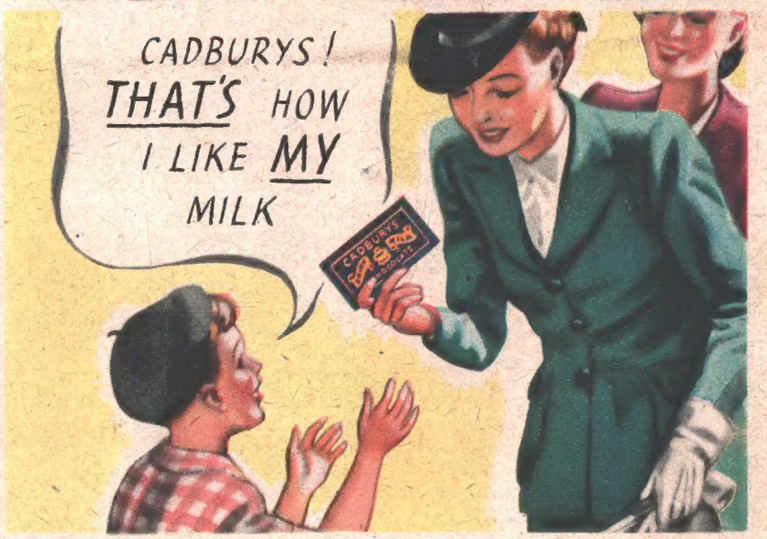
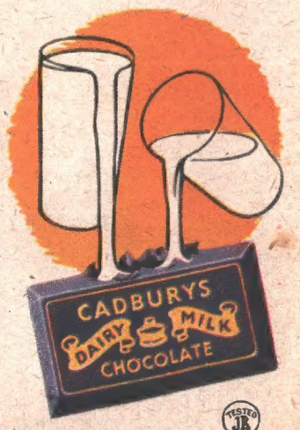
G.E. 1303

The milk **all** *children like*



Children are never difficult about milk when it's in the form of Cadburys Milk Chocolate. There's a glass and a half of full-cream milk in every half-pound block, but unfortunately there is not much milk chocolate to be found in the shops because Cadburys are allowed so little milk. If you are lucky please save it for the children.



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